Next Month

WHY I AM HAVING A CHILD

Anonymous

Here is the answer to the article "Must I Have Children?" for which so many FORUM readers have been waiting. No subject discussed recently in THE FORUM has aroused so much discussion as the question whether married people are under obligation, or even have the right, to bring children into this troubled world. This anonymous mother tells frankly her reasons for doing it.

THE WAR WE INTEND TO AVOID

Captain J. M. Moore

Will the next war be centered in the air? Will whole continents be at the mercy of fleets of bombing planes? Will entire cities be wiped out by poison gas? Will super tanks mow down regiments of infantry? Wildly imaginative pictures of the tactics of the next war have been fed to a quivering public, but Captain Moore shows them up one by one by the application of a little common sense and a knowledge of the fundamentals of military tactics, which he succeeds in making clear and fascinating to the uninformed layman.

IN OUR STARS

Julian Huxley

A prediction of what the world will be like fifty years from now, by the famous English biologist and writer.

AMERICA SOLD ME SHORT

Caroline Sanford

When a woman's home is threatened, she'll fight. This is a fighting article by one who has lost, successively, her job, her insurance, the annuity she was building up for her old age, and the securities in which she invested her savings. Now she cannot meet the mortgage payments on her home, and she is faced with the loss of that too. What she has to say about bankers, building and loan companies, and real estate men may not come under the head of "constructive criticism," but it should warm the cockles of a good many weary hearts.

THE FUTURE OF RELIGION

Paul Hutchinson

This is the concluding article in Paul Hutchinson's series on "The Ordeal of Western Religion." In it he prophecies the outcome of the revolution which, as he has shown in his last three articles, religion is undergoing.

FORUM and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Contents for MARCH

The American Liquor Monopoly. *A Foreword by the Editor* 129

The World Looks to Roosevelt . . . . . P. W. WILSON 131

The Secret Heart. *A Poem* . . . . . ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN 135

Regionalism
A Plan for Uniting the States More Effectively . . BURDETTE G. LEWIS 136

A Home for $130
One Way of Beating the Depression . . . . . KATRINA HINCKS 142

Which Way Out? . . . . . GEORGE SOULE 148

Fashions in Fiction . . . . . HARRY HANSEN 152

Along the Coast. *Three Lithographs* . . . . . STOW WENGENROTH 156

Relief for the Farmer . . . . . HENRY A. WALLACE 158

Going, Going, Gone! *A Tour of the Blighted States* . . . . PAUL SIFTON 161

Why Pay for a War? . . . . . T. SWANN HARDING 169

Civil War in the Church. *Religion's Inner Conflict* . . PAUL HUTCHINSON 172

Visiting in the Deepo. *A Short Story* . . . . . DORA AYDELOTTE 179

What Shall We Do with Our Ex-Presidents? . . . . MILTON S. MAYER 185

Radio Reviews
Comedy, History, Melody, Scandal-mongery . . . . . CYRUS FISHER 190

Toasts IV

Books in Brief V

Our Rostrum IX

VOL. LXXXIX — No. 3

THE FORUM, combined with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), is published monthly by the Forum Publishing Company, Inc. 35 cents a copy; $4.00 a year; foreign and Canadian subscription, $5.00. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Back copies not over three months old, 35 cents; all other back copies, $1.00. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of address, and such notices must supply the old address as well as the new. *Indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

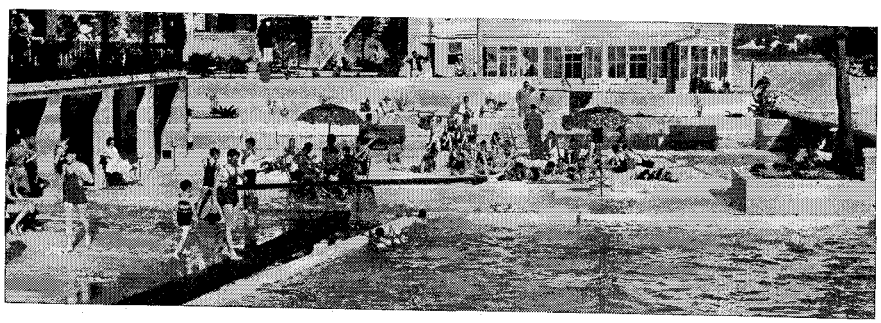
Printed in the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright 1933, in the United States and Great Britain by Forum Publishing Company, Inc. No article in this issue may be reprinted in whole or in condensed form without express permission from the publishers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEASURE YOUR CALENDAR *in* HOURS . . . *not* DAYS!

Bermuda's balmy Juneland is only forty hours from ice and snow.



The New PRINCESS

which is Bermuda's largest hotel, has been conducted under the same management for over forty years, where the same delightful and friendly hospitality for comfort and recreation is extended. The charm of the Princess pool together with the sunshine on the sands of this intimately exclusive beach is a daily tonic throughout the winter. Invest now in a few weeks of health and enjoyment.

Booklet, rate schedule and information will be gladly forwarded upon request to Princess Hotel, Bermuda, or any authorized Travel Bureau.

Changes of Address

Notice of a change of address, to be effective with the April issue of FORUM must reach the Subscription Department by February 28.
The Post Office does not forward magazines, including FORUM, which are mailed under the Second Class Rate of Postage.
Please give your former address when advising the Subscription Department of your new.

AMATORY CURIOSA

Send for free catalogue of Privately Printed

BOOKS

Limited Editions
Unexpurgated Items
Exotically Illustrated

THE FALSTAFF PRESS
Dept. F. ≈ 260 Fifth Avenue, New York

SHORT STORY WRITING

One pupil won a $2000 prize. Another pupil earned over $5000 in spare time. Hundreds are selling constantly to leading publishers.
Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.
The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 17 Springfield, Mass.

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.
AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-395 Drexel Ave. & 58th St. © A S 1923 CHICAGO

TOASTS

P. W. WILSON was formerly on the editorial staff of the London *Daily News* and a member of the House of Parliament. He is now a special writer for *The New York Times*.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN'S poems have appeared frequently in THE FORUM and other magazines. For the last three years he has been head of the English Department at Wells College.

BURDETTE G. LEWIS has served in many fields dealing with the business side of government. As right hand man to Mayor Mitchel of New York, he helped to plan and execute the reconstitution of New York City's financial, educational, public utility, police, and correctional status. For the past six years he has been engaged principally in the economic reconstruction of the South.

KATRINA HINCKS is a recent graduate of Vassar College, where she was editor of the *Vassar Miscellany News*.

GEORGE SOULE is one of the editors of *The New Republic* and the author of *A Planned Society*, published last year by Macmillan.

HARRY HANSEN'S book reviews in the New York *World-Telegram* are read by a wide and enthusiastic audience. His "thumbs down" on a book is sufficient to throw the unhappy publisher of the book into a panic.

HENRY A. WALLACE is the editor of *Iowa Homestead and Wallace's Farmer*, one of the largest farm papers in Iowa. Political prognosticators consider him a likely candidate for the post of Secretary of Agriculture in the next Cabinet.

PAUL SIFTON was formerly a reporter on the staff of the New York *World*. At present he is on the editorial staff of *The New Yorker*. He is probably most widely known as the co-author of two plays, *Midnight* and *1931*, written in collaboration with his wife.

T. SWANN HARDING is known to the editors of many magazines as one of the most indefatigable free lance writers in the country. He has published three books: *Fads, Frauds, and Physicians*, *The Degradation of Science*, and *The Joy of Ignorance*.

PAUL HUTCHINSON is the managing editor of *The Christian Century* and a frequent contributor to THE FORUM.

DORA AYDELOTTE'S knowledge of farm life comes from the cornbelt section of Illinois, where she was born. She now lives in Chicago.

MILTON S. MAYER is another newspaper man, formerly with the Associated Press and the *Chicago Evening Post*. Of late he has contributed regularly to *The Chicagoan*.

CYRUS FISHER'S radio criticisms combine the attitude of the radio listener and the radio writer and producer. He has done much of both.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We say "Yes ma'am" to our Cooks

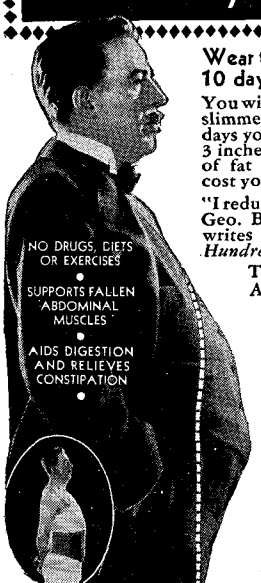
Women cooks prepare the food for the Hotel Lexington restaurants. That's why it's so delicious and wholesome. And Lexington restaurant prices, like its room rates, are sensible—35c for breakfast, 65c for luncheon and $1.00 for dinner in the main dining room.

$3 a day and up for Lexington rooms—$4 and up for two persons.

HOTEL LEXINGTON

Grand Central Zone, Lexington Ave. at 48th St.
NEW YORK CITY
CHARLES E. ROCHESTER, Gen'l Manager

WE GUARANTEE TO REDUCE YOUR WAIST 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR ...it won't cost you one penny



Wear the WEIL BELT for 10 days at our expense!

You will appear many inches slimmer at once and in 10 days your waist line will be 3 inches smaller . . . 3 inches of fat gone . . . or it won't cost you one cent!

"I reduced 8 inches"—writes Geo. Bailey. "Lost 50 lbs." writes W. T. Anderson. *Hundreds* of similar letters.

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION DOES IT! You will be completely comfortable as its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move! Gives an erect, athletic carriage — supports abdominal walls—keeps digestive organs in place—greatly increases endurance.

YOU CAN'T LOSE! 3 inches of fat off in 10 days or it won't cost you one penny!

SEND FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

THE WEIL COMPANY
143 HILL STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Gentlemen: Send me FREE, your illustrated folder describing The Weil Belt and full details of your 10 day FREE trial offer.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Use coupon or write your name and address on a penny post card.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

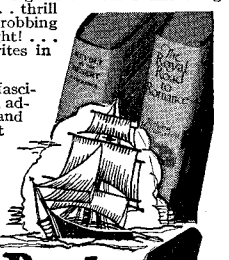
THE YEARS OF THE LOCUST (America, 1929–1932), by Gilbert Seldes (Little, Brown, $3.00). This, the biography of a depression which is still with us, is a companion to *Only Yesterday*. Mr. Seldes too often writes as through a glass darkly, and he has a penchant for making the obvious obscure, but as a whole his book is a valuable record of our current Gethsemane. His chapter on Hoover, for instance, is an unusually fair estimate, and he has interesting if not always fresh things to say about such phenomena as the Bonus Army and Henry Ford. Unfortunately, his description of the stock market crash duplicates to a large extent, as it must, Mr. Allen's summary of that holocaust. But Mr. Allen's book did not discuss the post-crash scene, and Mr. Seldes's does. Taken together, the two volumes provide not only a readable but, because of their nearness to the events set forth, an important history of America from the Armistice to the present time.

ANN VICKERS, by Sinclair Lewis (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). This is the exuberant and eventful tale of a woman who lived her life as strenuously and as consciously as it is possible to do. Ann Vickers is really the idealization of the modern woman, still completely woman, but having an awareness of the world outside her body and her home. Full of a joy and interest in living, she is whirled along by each new idea that comes her way. Religion and socialism take hold of her in her adolescence, and women's suffrage, social work in the war, and prison reform are the crusades of later years. No single thing can really satisfy her hungry idealism. She finds that the poor are not necessarily proud or honest, and that the rich are not the snarling slave drivers of her imagination, but dull — very dull, and very bored. She finds that the people engaged in social work are not divinely equipped to deal with the sufferings of humanity, but are petty and stupid like the rest. Ann's emotional life keeps pace with her public one, and she finds herself happy at last with a disgraced Tammany judge who somehow has more dignity and manhood about him than the sensitive Jewish soldier, the milksop of a lawyer, or the pompous social worker she marries — all of whom have figured largely in her story. This is unquestionably one of Lewis's best novels, and possesses, besides, the controversial characteristics which we have come to expect of him.

THE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, Vols. II and III, by Leon Trotsky (Simon and Schuster, $3.50 each). These two concluding volumes of Trotsky's history of the events of 1917 — one dealing with "The Attempted Counter-Revolution," the other with "The Triumph of

Do you like TRAVEL and ADVENTURE?

TASTE the sting of salt spray as your schooner breasts the hurricane! . . . feel the glare of heat shimmering over the unknown desert! . . . thrill to cannibal tom-toms throbbing through the black jungle night! . . . stealthily watch forbidden rites in half-forgotten temples!



Here are books of breathless fascination! True stories of travel, adventure and battle by sea, land and air. Great best-sellers at $2.50 to $5.00, now only ONE DOLLAR each! — full library size, handsomely cloth-bound printed from plates of original high-priced editions. Choose! —

34 Great Books Formerly $2.50 to $5 Only $1 EACH

2 GANGS OF NEW YORK — Herbert Asbury. Former Price $4.00
3 CRADLE OF THE DEEP — Joan Lowell. Former Price $3.00
8 RAIDERS OF THE DEEP — Lowell Thomas. Former Price $2.50
12 FALMOUTH FOR ORDERS — A. J. Villiers. Former Price $3.50
15 IN BRIGHTEST AFRICA — Carl E. Akeley. Former Price $2.50
33 FAERY LANDS OF SOUTH SEAS — Hall and Nordhoff. Former Price $4.00
34 VAGABONDING DOWN THE ANDES — Harry A. Franck. Former Price $5.00
38 NOW IT CAN BE TOLD — Philip Gibbs. Former Price $3.00
42 ADVENTURES OF AFRICAN SLAVER — Captain Theodore Canot. Former Price $4.00
44 VAGABOND JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD — Harry A. Franck. Former Price $4.00
50 SIX YEARS IN MALAY JUNGLE — Carveth Wells. Former Price $3.00
52 SAGA OF BILLY THE KID — Walter Noble Burns. Former Price $2.50
58 LEGION OF THE DAMNED — Bennett J. Doty. Former Price $3.00
61 OMNIBUS OF CRIME — Edited by D. L. Sayers. Former Price $3.00
63 PAUL BUNYAN — James Stevens. Former Price $2.50
65 ROYAL ROAD TO ROMANCE — Richard Halliburton. Former Price $5.00
66 GLORIOUS ADVENTURE — Richard Halliburton. Former Price $5.00
68 CAMELS — Daniel W. Streeter. Former Price $2.50
70 LAST HOME OF MYSTERY — Major E. A. Powell. Former Price $4.00
73 AN ARCTIC RODEO — Daniel W. Streeter. Former Price $2.50
78 SEA DEVIL'S FOC'S'LE — Lowell Thomas. Former Price $2.50
83 REVOLT IN THE DESERT — T. E. Lawrence. Former Price $5.00
84 WITH LAWRENCE IN ARABIA — Lowell Thomas. Former Price $4.00
85 GENGHIS KHAN — Harold Lamb. Former Price $3.50
94 HEAD HUNTERS OF AMAZON — F. W. Updegraff. Former Price $5.00
96 TRADER HORN — Horn and Lewis. Former Price $4.00
98 WHITE SHADOWS IN SOUTH SEAS — Frederick O'Brien. Former Price $5.00
100 CAN THESE THINGS BE — George Seldes. Former Price $4.00
104 COUNT LUCKNER THE SEA DEVIL — Lowell Thomas. Former Price $2.50
105 RED NIGHT OF GERMANY — Floyd Gibbons. Former Price $2.50
110 MEMOIRS OF CASANOVA —
114 AN INDIAN JOURNEY — Waldemar Bonsels. Former Price $4.00
115 GREAT HORN SPOON — Eugene Wright. Former Price $5.00
116 WORKING NORTH FROM PATAGONIA — Harry A. Franck. Former Price $5.00

SEND NO MONEY Five Days' Free Examination

Mark volumes you want on coupon below, mail without money. Books sent ON APPROVAL. Pay nothing in advance — nothing to postman. Examine books for 5 days. Then send only $1 plus 10c postage for each one you *keep*. If not biggest book value you ever saw, return volumes and forget the matter. Many titles limited — don't delay! Garden City Pub. Co., Dept. 103, Garden City, N. Y.

STAR BOOKS

GARDEN CITY PUBLISHING CO.
Dept. 103, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me books indicated below. I will send you within 5 days, $1 plus 10c postage for each volume, or I will return books without further obligation.

(*Encircle numbers of books you want*)

2 3 8 12 15 33 34 38 42 44 50 52 58 61 63 65 66 68 70 73 78 83 84 85 94 96 98 100 104 105 110 114 115 116

NAME .....
PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

ADDRESS .....

CANADIAN ORDERS, *$1.10 per book. cash with order.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Brief

the Soviets" — are as absorbing, as brilliantly dramatic as the first. Detailed comment is impossible, but it seems worth noting that Trotsky is particularly successful in revivifying crucial scenes, and in describing how ideas and impulses to action seeped through the masses. It is true, of course, that Trotsky is always the polemicist and that he never permits the non-Bolshevist revolutionary parties to state their point of view. Nevertheless one cannot but feel that his history — so extraordinary merely as literature — is one of the most important books this century has produced.

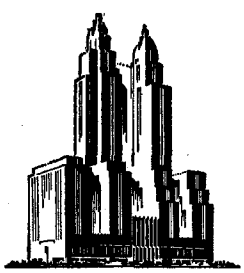
THE LAST ADAM, by James Gould Cozzens (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). Countless books have been written about the going to seed of New England's fine old stock through intermarriage, emigration of the young, immigration of the alien, and sheer inertia of all concerned; and countless others have called New England Main Street and told of the trivial preoccupations and endless small talk of its villagers; but *The Last Adam* puts all these elements together into a sympathetic and good-humored picture of the whole village. Through the vigorous and unregenerate country doctor, George Bull, we see the town of New Winton, which might be any midland Connecticut town, with its politics shrewdly manipulated by one Harris, who has his eyes on bigger things; its social life centering around the wealthy and exclusive Banning family; the small tragedies of a crazy old woman and of May Tupping, the telephone operator, with her querulous paralyzed husband; and its scandal, revolving around the Doctor himself and his affair of long standing with the eccentric Miss Cardmaker. A severe typhoid epidemic provides the main event of the story and lifts the village from its usual humdrum round into a frenetic flurry and back again. Doctor Bull, still unrepentant, looking at his town with pity and amusement as he shares a bottle of "prescription" whisky with his mistress, is the final appropriate tableau as the story ends.

THE MODERN THEME, by José Ortega y Gasset (Norton, $2.00). Although it appears to deal with more abstruse philosophical matters this book is actually less cryptic and confusing than *The Revolt of the Masses*, published last summer — and certainly it is written with equal subtlety and brilliance. It is the Spanish philosopher's thesis that the three preceding centuries have sacrificed vital spontaneity to the cult of pure reason, and that the mission of the new age is to demonstrate that culture, reason, art and ethics must enter the service of life.

THE BULPINGTON OF BLUP, by H. G. Wells (Macmillan, $2.50). Don't be misled by a somewhat unfortunate title. This is Wells at his best and most characteristic — though his irony has become more savage since the days of *Tono Bungay*. Theodore Bulpington, the muddle-minded victim of a purely "cultural" education, is perpetually companioned in his day dreams by an heroic and glamorous second self whom he calls the Bulpington of Blup. In his earlier days Theodore is a likable enough, if completely futile, young man. It is only when the war comes that the pitifulness of his pretensions, the inadequacy of his illusions, his weakness and his cowardice are nakedly exposed. In typical Wellsian fashion, Theodore is confronted throughout his odyssey with scientifically trained, socially minded "reformers" whom he classes as prigs — and secretly fears — and who emerge as the heroes of a biting and amusing novel which is, actually, an indictment of a whole generation.

GOD'S LITTLE ACRE, by Erskine Caldwell (Viking, $2.50). There has been considerable genteel ballyhoo in behalf of Erskine Caldwell, but this novel is the first thing he has done which seems to this reader to justify in any way the praise the critics have heaped upon him. Despite its faults — meaningless repetition of phrases, a preoccupation with sex which thwarts its own aim by appearing grotesque rather than real — it is immensely superior to *Tobacco Road* and *American Earth*. This superiority results from the fact that the author has stressed that element in which he is at his best, poor-white rural comedy. Ty Ty is a unique creation, ribald, full-blooded, original. No one writing to-day can equal Mr. Caldwell in this peculiar variety of gusty humor. It is a pity, therefore, that he so often neglects it in favor of dissertations on Southern sex, a field now thoroughly and successfully dominated by William Faulkner. Neuroses are fine, but we could spare a few of them in return for the Rabelaisian antics of Mr. Caldwell's clowns.

THE RISE OF THE CITY, 1878–1898, by Arthur Meier Schlesinger (Macmillan, $4.00). This is an excellent factual study of the astonishing growth of American cities during the '80s and '90s and of the problems which urbanization produced. Here one can read how the city promoted mechanical invention, culture, modern journalism, how it shaped the new woman, how it created crucial economic and social problems still unresolved. To some it was Eldorado; to others, a menacing Babylon.



What makes the Waldorf? Its size?..its prestige?..its perfect appointments?..its famous cuisine? Yes, but more important is that amazing faculty for catering to the individual...to you...accomplished by the remarkable service establishment.

THE
WALDORF-ASTORIA
PARK AVENUE • 49TH TO 50TH STS • NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Brief

Although one misses a clarifying point of view, this is an admirably informatory book — as readable as one could wish.

COMPANY K, by William March (Smith & Haas, $2.00). The originality of its form should not overshadow the fact that this book is superior in insight, intensity and beauty of style to almost any American novel, with the possible exception of *Three Soldiers*, that has been written about the war. In a series of sketches which proceed in an orderly time sequence William March shows how the war affected the officers and men of a typical American company. Some of the men are callous and brutal and mean; some are capable of deriving a good deal of humor from their predicament; most are in one way or another irreparably wounded by the horror and pain which, despite lighter interludes, is the dominant theme of the book. Brief as the individual sketches are, Mr. March is enormously successful in portraying character through the impact of experience. His novel is the more cruelly effective because its bitterness is restrained.

SARDINIAN SIDESHOW, by Amelie Posse-Brazdova (Dutton, $3.00). Here is a book of broad human interest which will appeal to people of all ages. Its irresistible humor and vivid pictures of life in a small Sardinian town and surrounding countryside, preceded by glimpses of happenings in a well-known artists' colony outside Rome, will be enjoyed not only by those who have traveled in Italy and learned to love it, but by many who have not yet visited the land of song and sunshine but will wish to do so after perusing this book.

BENGAL MUTINY, by George Dangerfield (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00). Although Mr. Dangerfield has drawn most of his material from printed sources, his story of the terrible Sepoy uprising in 1857, when native Indian troops rebelled against their British overlords, makes fascinating reading. Just to prove how much more horrible than horror fiction truth can sometimes be, it is suggested that admirers of William Faulkner's frightful fantasies try to fall asleep over the chapters dealing with the siege of Lucknow and the massacres at Delhi and Cawnpore.

NEVER ENOUGH, by Leane Zugsmith (Liveright, $2.00). Using a technique which obviously owes its inspiration to John Dos Passos, Miss Zugsmith follows the fortunes of eight people during the period from 1920 to 1930. The stir and feeling of the twenties is in this novel, and the author has done an excellent job of individualizing her characters. It indicates a fine future for followers of the Dos Passos method.

The Questions

1. What planet is usually called the evening star?
2. Where is Mammoth Cave?
3. Why is December so named?
4. How does the rattlesnake sound its rattle?
5. Who was Kublai Khan?
6. What are aborigines?
7. Where was Napoleon born?
8. What is an amphibian in aeronautics?
9. Alaska was sold to the U. S. by what country?
10. What caused the Trojan War?

The Answers

1. Venus.
2. Kentucky.
3. From Latin "decem" meaning "ten," this being the tenth month among the early Romans.
4. By shaking the horny interlocking joints at the end of its tail.
5. Founder of the Mongol dynasty of China.
6. Earliest known inhabitants of a country.
7. Corsica.
8. Airplane designed to rise from and alight on either land or water.
9. Russia.
10. The abduction of Helen by Paris.

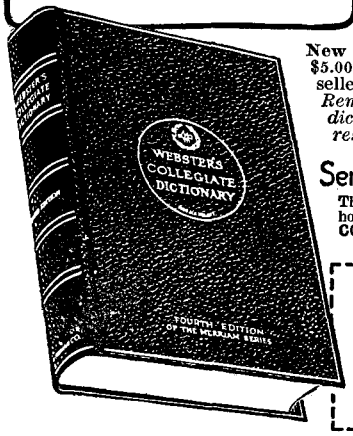
Try This Question and Answer Game

Here is an interesting information test to try on yourself and on your family and friends. Answer the questions first, then consult the answers below to see what your score is. You will find it entertaining and informative. These questions are typical of many thousands which are answered in the most convenient and useful of all quick-reference works.

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE

A Merriam-Webster

The best abridged dictionary because it is based upon Webster's New International Dictionary—the "Supreme Authority." The Fourth Edition brings Webster's Collegiate right up to date. 106,000 entries; hundreds of new words; dictionary of Biography; Gazetteer; rules of punctuation; use of capitals, abbreviations, etc.; foreign words and phrases. 1268 pages. 1700 illustrations.



Get the Best — At All Bookstores

New Low Prices: Thin-Paper Edition: Cloth, $3.50; Fabrikoid, $5.00; Leather, $7.00; Limp Pigskin, $7.50. Purchase of your bookseller or send order and remittance direct to the publishers. *Remember:* **A Merriam-Webster** *appears on the cover of every dictionary for which G. & C. Merriam Company is editorially responsible.*

Send for FREE Booklet of Questions & Answers

This question and answer game will afford many entertaining and educational hours. A copy will be sent you free with full information about **WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE.**

MAIL THIS COUPON

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield Mass.
Please send me free your new booklet of Questions and Answers and full information about Webster's Collegiate.
(FORUM 3-33)

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City.....State.....

COMMON SENSE

A new fortnightly that *is* new

Vigorously fighting for a left-wing American program —

Facing facts though they clash with antiquated theories —

Believing that humor will break down more prejudices than scolding —

Trusting in the common sense of the American people to act in their true interests —

Contributors

Stuart Chase	John Dos Passos	Henry Hazlitt
Carleton Beals	V. F. Calverton	Robert S. Allen
John Chamberlain	James Rorty	A. J. Muste
J. B. S. Hardman	George Soule	John T. Flynn

Editors: Alfred M. Bingham, C. Hartley Grattan, Selden Rodman

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER TO FORUM READERS

COMMON SENSE, INC.
155 East 44th Street, New York, New York

I enclose one dollar for a four months' subscription.

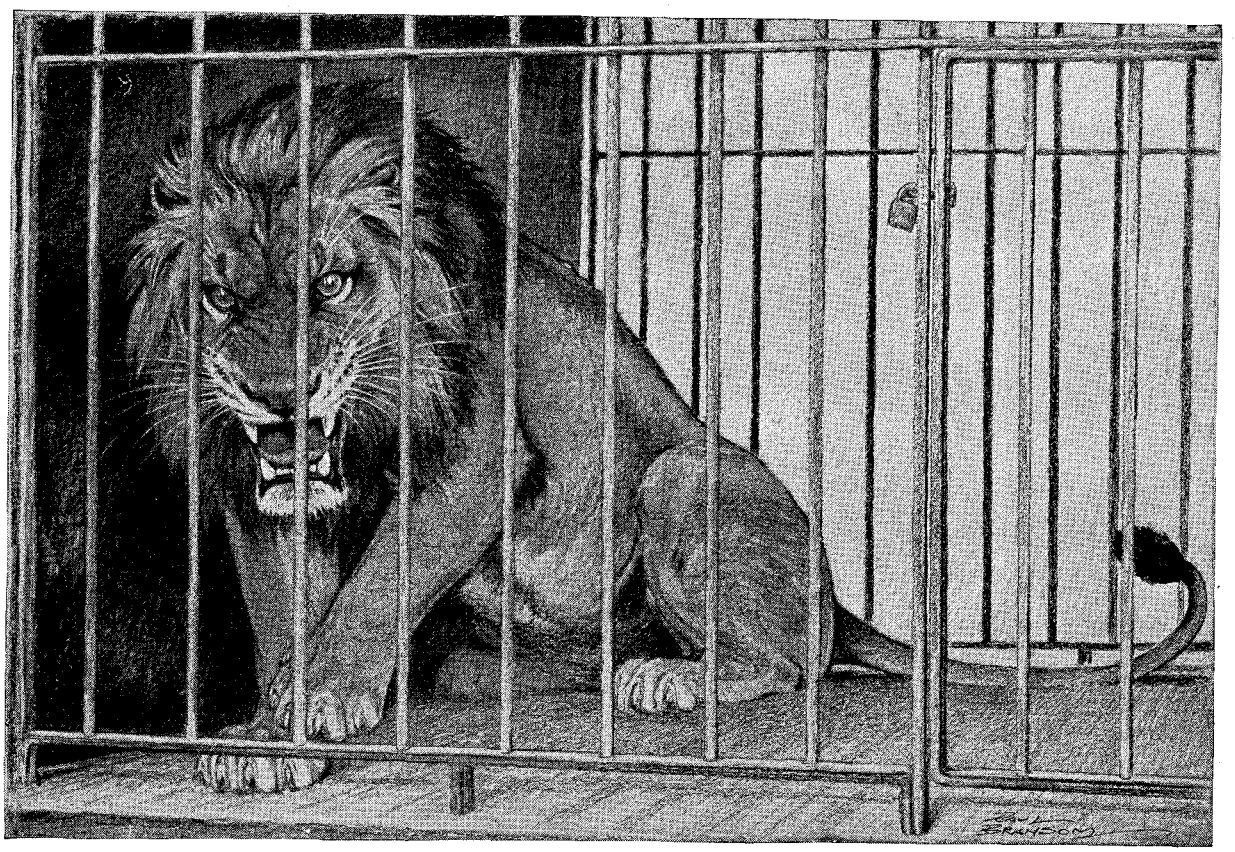
Name.....

Address.....

.....F1

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIABETES—the Lion Caged



DIABETES, under control, might be likened to a safely caged lion. Out of control, it strikes with a lion's speed and crushing power.

The discovery of insulin and its application to the treatment of diabetes is one of the great triumphs of medical science. It has saved many thousands of lives.

Insulin has not only rescued children who would have been doomed without it, but it has enabled them to grow and to live the normal, healthy lives of their playfellows. It has lifted chronic diabetics out of the invalid class, making it possible for them to carry on industrious, useful careers.

Before this great discovery, a victim of diabetes was forced to adhere strictly to a wearing and often spirit-breaking diet—if he would live. Suffering from a constant and almost unbearable craving for rich food and sweets, he struggled to obey his doctor's orders—"No starches, no sugars." The dining room was a dreary place for a diabetic.

What a contrast between the old, half-starved, hopeless days and the present time when the majority of diabetics are allowed many of the things they like to eat. A goodly percentage of them will live out the expected span of life for their ages.

Diabetes is by far most frequent among overweight persons. It may be largely prevented by correct diet and proper exercise. New cases of diabetes appear with almost mathematical regularity—tens of thousands each year in this country. But a person who showed no trace of the disease last year and now finds unmistakable symptoms has little cause for anxiety. In all probability his case can be fully controlled by proper diet, exercise and the use of insulin.

Still a grave danger remains. Insulin has such a tonic effect on a diabetic that he sometimes makes the mistake of regarding himself as cured. He must be reminded that if he lets his lion, Diabetes, get out of control he runs a risk which may be fatal. As long as he keeps his lion caged he is safe.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.
© 1933 M.L.I.CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

F O R U M

MARCH, 1933 VOL. 89, NO. 3

The American Liquor Monopoly

A Foreword by the Editor

THE REPEAL of the Eighteenth Amendment will not in itself solve the liquor problem. No plan has been accepted by the nation which, by abolishing the bootlegger and the speakeasy, prevents, in their place, the return of the saloon. Out of the confused clamor of propositions is it not sensible to favor those changes which require the least disruption of the status quo? Is it not best to leave the control of liquor where the people have placed it now for many years — in the hands of the Federal Government? This means that instead of commanding Congress to prevent the sale of liquor we give Congress power to regulate its sale from decade to decade according to the changing desires of the nation.

One efficient European country — Sweden — has offered the world for many years an example of satisfactory control of the liquor traffic by the government. In Sweden a corporation closely regulated by the government directs the consumption of alcoholic drink. The investor in this corporation gets only a limited return on his money. The real profits are turned into the federal treasury. What is still more satisfactory about the Swedish system is that it has a social as well as an economic conscience. The Swedish liquor board has all the moral scruples of a meeting of church deacons or a board of education, and regulates the consumption in the best interests of both the gaiety and the good health of the people. Through its shrewd organization of dispensaries — each shop as trig and clean as a post office or the reception room of a hospital — drunkenness in Sweden has been reduced to a minimum. The same bureau which sells liquor at a profit educates school children on the rewards of temperance and self-restraint.

If we create an American liquor corporation, let it — like the successful system in Sweden — set up shops for the sale of intoxicants in all states and communities that desire this means of public relaxation. Such an organization will duplicate our network of post offices dispensing federal mail and postage stamps throughout the nation. Such a system will give our states full freedom to say how much or how little liquor they wish dispensed. We can even include local option in states that prefer to discriminate between the city and the farm. On the other hand, federal authorities will aid the state constabularies of any states that vote to be bone dry.

How can the American liquor corporation be financed? There ought to be no common stock, only bonds yielding a fixed rate, no excess profits on the sale of intoxicants except to the Federal Government. Possibly in America, unlike Sweden, it will prove best for the corporation not itself to undertake the manufacture of liquor but to buy its supplies from private manufacturers at home and abroad. Competition among the domestic and foreign dealers will tend to keep down the price of the liquor sold to the monopoly for distribution to its nation-wide network of dispensaries. The capital necessary to set up the liquor corporation can be contributed, one-half by the federal treasury in the form of an advance to be refunded from profits, and the other half in the purchase of bonds yielding say three per cent,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subscribed by the manufacturers of spirituous liquor in foreign countries as well as at home.

Graft?

One of the common objections raised against a government-controlled monopoly is graft. It has been said that what will work in Sweden will not work in America. It has been said that Sweden is a smaller country less exposed than are we to political corruption. On examination this argument against federal monopoly really does not hold much water. It may be granted that there is occasional graft in the federal management of our mails; let us assume that there was still more graft in the federal administration of the railroads during the war; let us confess that the temptations to corruption will be greater in the liquor traffic than in either the mails or the carriers. Admitting all this, is it not better to run the risk of a little evil for the opportunity of a great public good? A crusade for honesty in the management of our most dishonest industry, instead of a supine admission of defeat before making the attempt, will be a splendid discipline for the American people.

A Dictator

To organize the colossal job of government liquor monopoly we may need somewhat of a dictator. There is at least one man living who already has the experience and the qualifications. That man does not happen to be an American, but he speaks English and might conceivably be loaned to us for the purpose. He is the leading advocate of temperance and the foremost foe of compulsory prohibition in Sweden, Dr. Ivan Bratt. Dr. Bratt is the physician who conceived the so-called "Stockholm System" which has operated successfully in Sweden since 1914 and made that country a land of temperance in which drunkenness is as unusual as crimes of violence. He was himself placed in charge of the monopoly and proved himself an able executive. In the course of years his system came to work on its own momentum without Dr. Bratt's constant supervision. Then a Swedish industrial corporation with international branches recognized the abilities of this scientist as an administrator, and invited him to take charge of their office in Paris, where he now lives.

Early in 1919, before the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect, the writer discussed the American situation with Dr. Bratt in Stockholm. This keen-witted temperance expert expressed his opinion at that early date that our Amendment was impractical and violated fundamentals of human behavior. He predicted then, on the basis of his lifelong study of the liquor problem, the ultimate repeal of the Amendment. Now that we are at last on the road to repeal this nation needs the wisest council we can obtain. Let us, if possible, obtain the services of this successful Swedish scientist, at least as an advisor, perhaps even as a temporary executive.

For those who will not tolerate a foreign executive to manage our liquor traffic we nominate an American: Nicholas Murray Butler. Dr. Butler has shown exceptional executive ability as the president of a great university. He has been sane on the liquor question. He is at the same time a wise social philosopher.

Tax Reduction

A federal monopoly of the sale of spirituous liquors will prove an enormous source of revenue and provide for the reduction of taxes on a grand scale. In Sweden one-eighth of the federal revenue comes from the government liquor monopoly. In 1926, a "normal year," our total federal revenue in the United States was four billion dollars. If we prove to be as successful with our liquor monopoly as Sweden has been with her system, that will mean five hundred million dollars annually lifted from the shoulders of our taxpayers. This saving is equivalent to the total we spent on our navy plus half the cost of our army in 1926. In other words a federal liquor monopoly could remove our entire navy from the tax burden of the American people and leave an additional annual revenue of one hundred and eighty millions for our army or for civil expenses.

Dispensation of liquor by federal monopoly offers a solution of our liquor problem that has already been weighed in the balances and found right by one intelligent European nation. It is the simplest solution proposed. By keeping the control of liquor where it is now lodged — in the Federal Government — it offers the least disruption in the continuity of our national life. It promises stupendous relief to the American taxpayer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World Looks to Roosevelt

Portrait by Marcel Maurel

by **P. W. WILSON**

I

In the fate of mankind, the United States is to-day the greatest single factor. The new world is adjusting the balance of the old. A divided Europe is losing her predominance; even the British Empire is reorganized as an alliance of autonomous communities. The United States, on the other hand, is achieving a synthesis. Immigration has been restricted. Countries of origin recede from the picture and there is less heard of German, Irish, and Italian votes. Industrial and cultural standardization assimilates the appearance and thought of North and South, East and West. The Union has arrived at unity.

Evidence of this unity is to be found in many places, but nowhere is it more striking than in the results of the last election. For the first time since the Civil War the Democratic Party, long in the minority, has swept the country from coast to coast. The capture of Congress as well as the Presidency by the Democrats, with thirty-eight Governorships, suggests that Mr. Roosevelt has received a clear mandate to act.

The resources of this country and the energy to make use of them enter into every reckoning of peace and prosperity throughout the world. As March fourth approaches, mankind is eager to know whether, under Roosevelt's leader-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ship, there is to be a strong initiative in world affairs. Pending his inauguration, the Disarmament and World Economic Conferences are held virtually in abeyance.

A few years ago, it was feared that the United States, with her expanding commerce, would be drawn into imperialism. To-day, commerce has declined, losses have had to be faced, and the country is cautious of international commitments. The nationalism that is manifest throughout the world is expressed here in a mood of isolationism. It is not aggression by this country that the world fears now. The question is whether the United States, by minding what may narrowly be considered her own business and leaving other nations to mind theirs, will fail to meet a great emergency.

Every nation is faced to-day by one basic fact. For five thousand years of recorded history, man has lived in several worlds. To-day, for the first time, all worlds are one. We leap the ocean, we learn our news by lightning, the planet is mapped from pole to pole. Isolation, however "splendid," is no safeguard against a slump in prices, nor does the Farewell Letter of Washington cancel cables from Berlin. To a situation thus unprecedented, no sagacity is adequate which fails to rise above all frontiers of race, sovereignty, and religion.

II

It is fourteen years since mankind rejoiced over an armistice which brought to an end the most stupendous of all wars. Yet reconstruction is arrested, and a new crisis, cumulative in its momentum, has developed into a danger no less than war itself. The League of Nations meets regularly in Council and Assembly. There have been three score additional conferences, many of them on a spectacular scale. Yet the solutions of urgent problems, even obvious solutions, are evaded, confused, mutilated, or postponed. The right impulse seems to be lacking.

Survey the landscape and everywhere we see frustration. Under the Monroe Doctrine, however interpreted, Latin America is safeguarded from European interference. But there has been no attainment of the Pan-American ideal. The Central American republics have failed to federate. On the southern continent, the quarrel over Tacna-Arica was adjusted only with great difficulty, and over Chaco there has recently arisen a new dispute.

In the Far East, the policy of the United States was clear. China must be allowed a full opportunity to organize her republican institutions. Her territory must be respected by other powers. Her ports must be open doors to the commerce of all nations. To-day, Chinese citizenship is exploited by the tuchuns. Japan has bombarded Shanghai, absorbed Manchuria, and invaded Jehol. The attitude of France to the south and of Russia to the north is watchful; and amid this scene of immeasurable possibilities the United States occupies the virtually undefended Philippine Islands like a policeman on point of duty. From an area so burglarious, Congress has proposed a withdrawal.

For the Russian revolution, as for the Chinese, President Wilson demanded fair play. Let the people have time to organize their republic; let their territory be respected. But Red Russia was subjected by White Europe to the kind of pressure that forced France, under similar circumstances, into a Reign of Terror, out of which Communism has emerged as the pitiless destroyer of cultural and spiritual liberty. The United States recognizes a Turkey that has a million Armenians to its account. But the challenge of Communism has been met by a ban of outlawry.

In Europe, the United States participated in a war to end wars. By the peace treaties, signed in 1919, the vanquished nations were disarmed at once and the victors promised that they would disarm by agreement. By the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Four Power Pact in the Far East, the Pact of Locarno in Europe, and the Kellogg Pact renouncing war as an instrument of policy, this solemn pledge was emphasized and elaborated. But it is only within English-speaking democracy, British and American, that the pledge has been respected, save as a form of words. On the ocean, where it was least needed, there has been a measure of disarmament. On land and in the air, a dozen years of discussion only reveal the persistence of the interests, professional, commercial, and political, that are vested in preparations for war. Every plan has been discussed, approved in objective, and delayed in detail. To-day, the question is no longer whether the victor nations will reduce their armaments; it is whether the vanquished, led by Germany, will increase them. Also, there is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

developing a difference between the powers that wish to maintain the new map of Europe and the revisionist powers that would change this map.

We are told that leadership has failed. Statesmen may be as able as they were but they seem to be less effective. It is not only that they handle larger affairs. Their freedom to handle any affair is restricted. At the outset of the twentieth century the world was three-fourths monarchist and authority was absolute. To-day, three-fourths of the world is republican and authority is representative. The representation of inferiority in thought has made the progress of world affairs like that of a convoy where the speed is determined by the slowest vessel.

The entire conception of democracy for which the United States stands is assailed by skepticism and everywhere the upheaval is shaking governments. In Latin America there have been revolutions. Japan is disturbed. Cabinets in France and other countries change like a kaleidescope, and in Germany the kaleidescope itself depends precariously upon the frail tissues of an octogenarian Field Marshal. In countries like Italy, Poland, Russia, Turkey, and Persia a fascist philosophy, emphasizing the efficient, supports an autocrat who seeks by force to reduce a chaos to cosmos. Even in Britain there has been a *coup d'état*, not indeed dramatized as in Italy, but thinly disguised under the forms of a national administration.

III

THE BROAD tendency of history is a progress from worse to better. It may be a more abundant life on this planet that is in the birth pangs now. But it is not defeatist to be warned by the researches of archaeology. Many times in the course of its advance civilization has suffered a setback, nor in any case is there doubt as to the reason. Apparently there is only a single instance of an era collapsing as the result of causes outside man's control. The Land of Wu — the only trace of which is the statues on Easter Island — may have been thus engulfed. But it was no eruption of Vesuvius that caused the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. It is no earthquake in Japan, no flood on the Yangtse, that we have to fear to-day. Against such local mishaps civilization can insure itself. If the pinnacles of Angkor were forgotten amid the jungles of Indo-China, if sacred pyramids were deserted amid the forests of Peru, it was because something was amiss in the mind of man.

To-day the capitalist system is challenged. The financial credit on which it is based has been shaken. Currencies have collapsed. Obligations have been repudiated. Securities have lost value. At times, confidence in the system has been seriously undermined. What the world needs is neither panic nor panacea, but clear, sound thinking from premise to conclusion.

One premise we may start with is this: the world as a whole has hardly been developed at all. For twenty years scarcely a railroad has been built in China. Motorcars are only beginning to replace camels on the caravan routes of the Sahara and Arabia. Plumbing, telephones, medical service, education — indeed, a thousand amenities — are available only within limited areas, and even so, are available only for the few. If the task of enriching life on this planet were seriously to be resumed, it would afford work for every able-bodied wage-earner over a period extending far into the future. The mere suggestion of unemployment ought to be absurd.

In the economic state of the world to-day and in the failure of the nations to establish an effective guarantee of peace, despite the memory of the recent holocaust, we have sufficient reason to fear another set-back in the progress of civilization. Whether we are to give in to it or to pull ourselves out of it depends entirely on us, the nations of the world, for what we have to fight is not nature or destiny, but ourselves and the human frailties in us. Ignorance, blindness, prejudice, selfishness, procrastination — these are the basic causes of world ills. With the welfare of all nations as interdependent as it has come to be to-day, it is not sufficient that any one should attempt to reform. A united effort at regeneration is necessary. But to get such an effort under way requires that some one nation shall take the lead, and that enough others shall join heartily in the enterprise at the start to whip the laggards into action.

Because of its power and solidarity, and because it is less depression-worn than the other nations of the world, the United States is the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one best fitted to take the initiative. How shall she go about it? Some of the groundwork has already been done. For the maintenance of peace among nations, there is the League of Nations — ineffectual so far, it is true, but at least the machinery has been set up. For the establishment of a wise economy whereby order and wellbeing may be promoted within nations, a World Economic Conference has been called. Both await this country's leadership.

IV

In spite of all dissent, it will never be possible for the United States to divorce herself of interest in the League of Nations. It is only in a technical sense that the chair of the United States is empty now. If she is not "allied" with the League of Nations, she is "associated," and leading the Disarmament Conference she exercises an influence second to none other.

The chief issue which keeps her out of the League is this: To what extent, if at all, are oversea commonwealths to belong to a "league to enforce peace" where peace is most precarious, that is, in the Far East and around the shores of the Mediterranean? In other words, under what circumstances are boys on the banks of the Mississippi again to be called upon to fight battles over the banks of the Danube? The United States could to-day join the League of Nations and the World Court under ample safeguards against any actual or implied obligation, in advance of the occasion, to act as belligerent. She could then develop her latest doctrine, that in the next war there would be no neutrals, which principle would enable her to withhold support from the aggressor — a reserve power of immense deterrent influence. With strong British support, she could insist on disarmament as the only certain security against war. If Russia were brought into the League, thus completing the family of the more important nations, the influences that make for peace, both in the Far East and in Europe, would be strengthened.

There is a general hope in foreign countries that the United States will be as active in the World Economic Conference as in her insistence on disarmament. Such participation should be free and unfettered. The trouble over currencies, quotas, debts, and unbalanced budgets is serious and even desperate. But the root of that trouble lies much deeper.

In the middle ages, a man's speed was four miles an hour and his radius of commerce for most of his essentials was the county holding its market in the county town. Trade was simple. But within that area it was unrestricted and dependably continuous. To-day, counties and towns are enlarged. Even the United States discovers that she is not and never can be self-contained. But the same principles apply. There can be prosperity only if industry and agriculture — the two Europes, the two Americas, the two worlds — are free to exchange their output. The farmer and the artisan are mutually producer and consumer.

The machinery of world-development is not confined to mass production. There is a complete machinery available for mass distribution. It includes the instantaneous announcement of supply, demand, and price, facilities for all investment, a momentary exchange of currencies, and every reasonable device for extending credit. Why is it, then, that everything should be overstocked at the very moment when these very things are eagerly desired and badly needed? Why do cities stand a siege while the countryside is overwhelmed by a surplus? The exchange between industrial and agricultural products — very broadly defined — has been upset.

The plain, stark fact that now stares us in the face is inescapable. It is not that trade has declined merely. It is that trade has been outlawed. Since the war, we have trebled the tonnage of shipping, and at every port on this planet cargoes are, in effect, refused admittance. We talk of canalizing the St. Lawrence River for ocean-going vessels. Presumably they are to sail in ballast. We drive a tunnel through Mount Cenis. At each end, the customs-house delays passengers and holds up goods. Economic warfare continues and provokes preparations for military warfare.

At Geneva and in the United States, economists plead for the removal of barriers to trade. Hitherto, they have pleaded in vain. Despite a series of conferences ending at Stresa, the Danubian countries achieve no substantial relief, while at Ottawa the net result of imperial adjustments is a further strangling of international trade as a whole. It matters not where we turn — India's boycott of cotton grown in Louisiana and woven in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lancashire, or China's refusal of silk manufactured in Japan, or the British retaliation against the Irish Free State on account of the repudiated annuities on Land Purchase. The result is the same. Trade is sacrificed.

The United States has arrived at a long foreseen epoch in her economic evolution. She has changed from a debtor to a creditor country, from a borrower to a lender. Her balance of trade has lost its equilibrium. By excluding foreign goods, she is preventing payments due to herself from being made, except as new loans, accumulating like a snowball. Also, she is arresting her export trade, which can only be financed by imports.

The vital question for this country and for the world is whether the veto on commerce is to be relaxed. In the United States, the fear is that foreign competition, like Asiatic immigration, will lower the standard of life to the level of less favored regions. It will always be a matter of argument whether that high standard was due to the tariff around the frontiers of the United States or to free trade over the continental area within those frontiers. But it seems now to be clear that, in an era of mechanical production, the only guarantee of a high standard of life anywhere is the uplifting of that standard everywhere. In the pursuit of happiness, no country can advance except as a pioneer for mankind as a whole.

V

Sixteen years ago, President Wilson was raised by public opinion in the United States to a brief and uneasy, yet by no means inglorious occupation of the world as a stage. An influence that depended wholly on public opinion broke down. Yet it is onto this vacant stage that inevitably President Roosevelt steps when he enters the White House, and once more public opinion is on trial. To suggest that, even in the greatest of all elected positions, a man, whatever his qualities, can create a new heaven and a new earth, would be preposterous. There are problems that, by their very nature, cannot be solved in a century. But the influence of the United States, strongly asserted, would promote conditions favorable everywhere to such solutions, and some problems would fade into obsolescence. There is to-day a larger outlook among responsible men and women in this country and throughout the world. In setting forth not on a narrow and nationalistic tow-path but on that broad international highway that alone leads to peace and prosperity President Roosevelt would fulfill his appointed destiny.

The Secret Heart

Across the years he could recall
His father one way best of all.

In the stillest hour of night
The boy awakened to the light.

Half in dreams, he saw his sire
With his great hands full of fire.

The man had struck a match to see
If his son slept peacefully.

He held his palms each side the spark
His love had kindled in the dark.

His two hands were curved apart
In the semblance of a heart.

He wore, it seemed to his small son,
A bare heart on his hidden one.

A heart that gave out such a glow
No son awake could bear to know.

It showed a look upon a face
Too tender for the day to trace.

One instant, it lit all about,
And then the secret heart went out.

But it shone long enough for one
To know that hands held up the sun.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REGIONALISM

A Plan for Uniting the States More Effectively

by **BURDETTE G. LEWIS**

THE AMERICAN system of government, which was originally devised for a small, homogeneous nation, has been stretched so that it is out of proportion. The duplications and repetitions of its structure have made it unwieldy and expensive, and the duplication of officials and expense, unduly burdensome. A consideration of basic facts shows how complicated and overloaded our governmental structure has become, and how simple it was at first.

At the time we achieved independence the country's population was confined chiefly to a strip along the Atlantic coast about 250 miles in width, and the inhabitants of this area numbered less than 4,000,000. Since 1790 the continental area of the United States (not including Alaska) has increased 342%, and the population 3120%. Yet we have clung to the original structure of our government, merely adding on to it here and there, until to-day it has to meet the needs of nearly half a continent peopled with many different races.

It is as if a thirteen-room house, built in Colonial times to suit the needs of a comparatively small family, had been handed down from generation to generation, additional rooms being built on to accommodate the increasing numbers of descendants without ever revising the original design. In 1932 we find ourselves with a forty-eight-room mansion on our hands, and wonder why it is lop-sided, hard to heat and to keep clean, expensive to run generally. What is needed is to remodel it with an eye to the structure as a whole, unifying the various wings so that they will not be merely a hodgepodge of separate rooms and life within them a constant opening and shutting of doors and stumbling over steps leading to different levels. Rooms need to be thrown together and the interior plan laid out more efficiently.

If we were starting from scratch, it would seem desirable that the country should be divided into natural rather than arbitrary and traditional areas. In other words, the country would be laid out in geographical units, each of which would comprise a section having common interests. But we cannot ignore the state boundaries already existing and the fact that it would be almost impossible to persuade the states to surrender their sovereignty to the regional governments within whose geographical jurisdiction they happened to fall, even if it were proven that such action would be to the interest of the nation as a whole. The nearest approach to such an arrangement that we can reasonably look for, therefore, is the institution of organized co-operation between states in those areas — or what is known as "regionalism."

Regionalism strikes an effective and natural medium between uncontrolled individualism among the states and complete centralization of administration at Washington. The latter is being favored less and less, even by those who advocate a strong central government. The Federal Government is a poor framework on which to hang regional developments of governmental powers because, as experience has shown, it tends to be unresponsive to regional and local interests and also to be ineffective.

Similar weaknesses have become apparent in nation-wide corporations where the center of authority is situated in New York or Chicago or some other one city. As a result, a preponderant number of the larger companies have reorganized, for purposes of operation, into regional or local concerns. In many cases during the continuance of the depression, regional companies have not been able to compete with still smaller units. Nothing is more erroneous

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than the supposition that the larger companies, with their larger overhead and their greater number of employees, are always more effective than small companies and individual proprietors.

On the other hand, state boundaries often interfere with economic and social developments as seriously as do unnatural attempts to graft regionalism upon the framework of the federal government. Diversity of laws governing business operations within contiguous states often handicap business enterprises of one state in competition with those of a neighbor state. Commissions on uniform legislation have been of some value in rectifying several bad situations which have grown out of unfair competition of one kind or another, but they become less and less effective as the forces of economic evolution gain momentum. Some more effective method of securing uniform legislation and fair competition must be found. That plan should be one which is more responsive to local as well as regional needs than any now in operation.

The importance of regional co-operation on progressive planning in our banking system was stressed shortly after the recent Presidential election by Thomas W. Lamont in his address before the New York Academy of Political Science. In addition to putting all commercial banking under the aegis of the Federal Reserve System, Mr. Lamont declared emphatically for some sensible plan of regional branch banking.

Recently the committee of the American Bar Association studying prohibition suggested regional treaties as a solution of the perplexing problem of how to protect dry states when the liquor traffic is legalized in some states.

One of the strongest arguments for the development of regionalism is the need for economy in government operation. Real economy hardly can be secured unless we are successful in simplifying the crazy-quilt design of governments existing within state boundaries, whether such branches of government owe allegiance to authority within the state or to the Federal Government at Washington. John W. Davis has shown that the enormous burden of government in 1930 was equal to $83 for each man, woman, and child in the United States. This expense is divided as follows: to the national government, $28; to state governments, $14; to local governments, $41. Obviously sooner than many realize, the depression will compel serious consideration of regionalism as the only important way of reorganizing national, state, and local governments in the interest of economy and that effective functioning of government and of business which the conditions of the times are demanding with greater and greater emphasis.

Regionalism Already in Operation

By what procedure are we to put regionalism into effect? The ice has already been broken for us and the way is clear. Under the Compact Clause of the Constitution regional agreements between various states have operated successfully for some years. The use of that instrument of progress is wholly in keeping with our traditions. Co-operation between the New England colonies through a regional organization called the United Colonies of New England, founded in 1643, led directly to the Constitution of the United States in 1789. Since the Constitution became effective, and with the approval of the Congress, there have been some fifty-three treaties between two or more states, which are largely regional in character. Eleven other compacts have been agreed upon but have not been ratified by Congress. The Supreme Court of the United States has held that some of these have become effective by implication.

These interstate treaties have comprehended many subjects, as diverse as the Lake Michigan Compact (by which Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin undertook in 1910 to control crime upon the waters of Lake Michigan), the Port Authority Treaty of New York and New Jersey (which was responsible for great public works like the Holland Tunnel under the Hudson River and the George Washington Bridge over it), and the Colorado River Compact (which made possible the building of the great Hoover Dam and other power and water projects, and under which they will be operated). Some understanding of the comprehensive character of interstate compacts already in force is afforded by Professor Finla G. Crawford, of Princeton University, who has divided into the following groups the fifty-three compacts ratified by Congress: (1) Boundaries and cessions of territory (twenty-four in number); (2) Control

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and improvement of navigation; (3) Penal jurisdiction; (4) Uniformity of legislation; (5) Interstate accounting; (6) Conservation of natural resources; (7) Utility regulation; (8) Taxation.

Some of the experiences with regional treaties between the states have indicated the need for a better organization of the legislative and administrative functions of the regional governments established pursuant to such treaties. There is the same unfortunate gap between the regional and national administrative forces that there is between the executive departments of state and federal governments. The relations between the legislatures of the states which are parties to such treaties, and between the governmental authority of the regional area, often leave much to be desired.

The "per head" system of representation, in accordance with which certain districts secure representation in the state legislature and in the lower house of Congress, does not furnish the best basis for organizing effectively the limited legislative powers of the regional governments established by treaty or those established by act of Congress within the framework of the Federal Government. The group or guild system of representation, which had feeble recognition in the formation of the Senate of the United States, offers a much more effective solution of the pressing executive and legislative problems of regional areas than the "per head" system. The "per head" system has made Congressmen and legislators the victims of well-organized minorities. It has made it impossible for a Congressman or legislator fearlessly to espouse the cause of any one group. Rather he is compelled to support a combination of minority interests. The chief complaint against both houses of Congress is that their individual members think too much in terms of localities and not enough in terms of the nation as a whole. Too frequently only the President of the United States takes the national point of view. As a result of these defects, many despair of ever overcoming the characteristic parochialism of the American system.

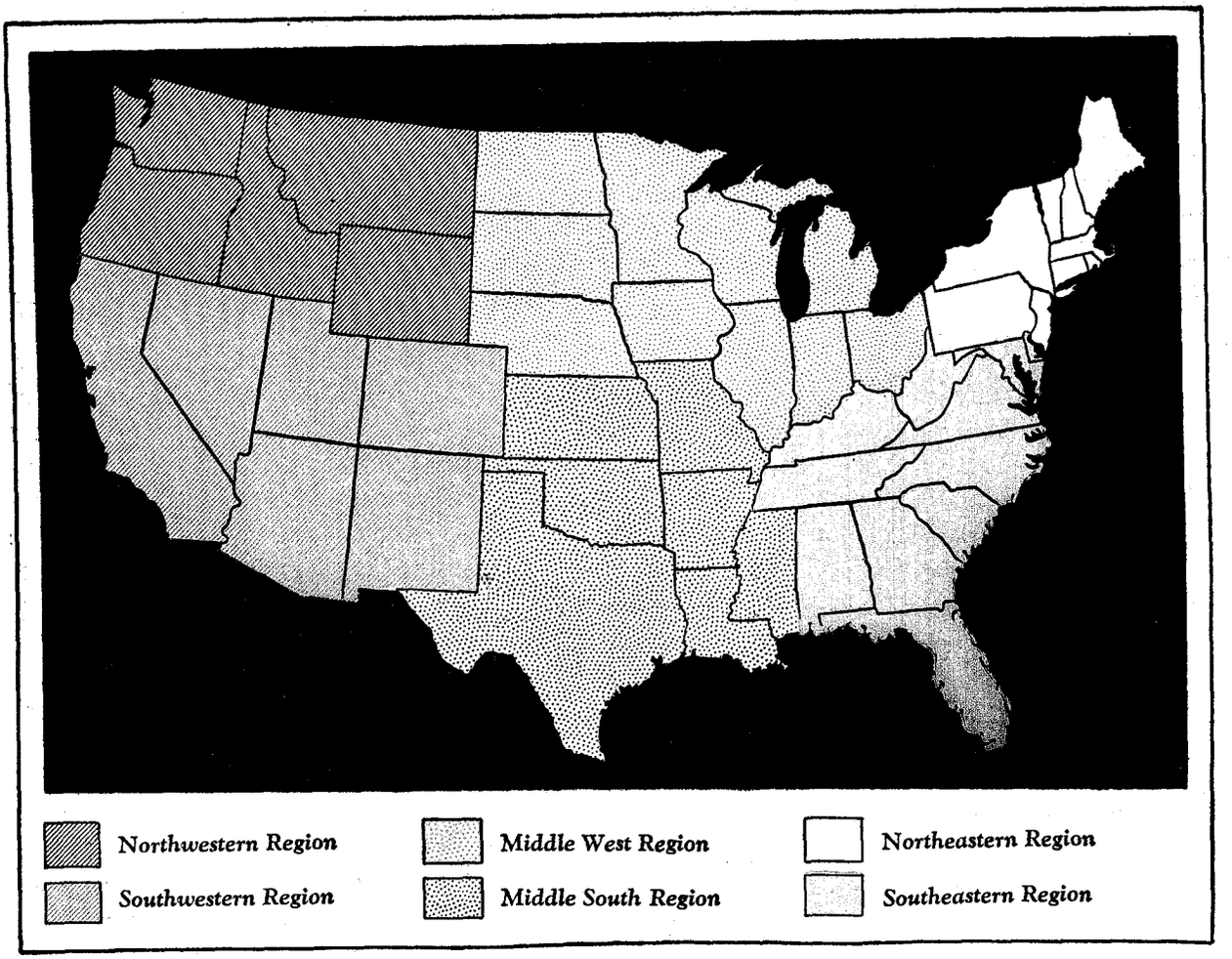
Although our system did not originally provide for political parties, we have claimed great virtues for the two-party system which afterward grew up and which seemed for a time to function well. Then when regional interests began to be represented by blocs in Congress, the people living in different areas have been alternately pleased and alarmed because these regional groups, upon a number of occasions, have played havoc with our two-party system. The American system supplemented by the two-party plan has not worked out well for the reason that the existing "per head" representation, through which the blocs must work, is too cumbersome, and because a proper implementing of regionalism has not been achieved.

In order to indicate, at least, one way of implementing regionalism and establishing a group system of representation to parallel our existing district and "per head" system, I am offering the following plan. It is to take its origin in state co-operation under the Compact Clause of the Constitution, and is not to be imposed by action of Congress within the framework of the Federal Government. In contrast to many other national and international plans, this one aims to be evolutionary and not revolutionary. It is intended to allow for gradual development from the simple to the complex and from the small to the larger. Underlying these suggestions is the assumption that the forces of change and development of government and business are flowing away from our great center of authority toward regions, and that there they meet with similar forces which are overflowing state boundaries into great regional areas. It is also our hope that frank and full criticism of this plan may develop the best methods of furthering economies and improvements in government and in business which are essential to recovery.

I—Six Regional Areas

The States of the United States should be organized through the Compact Clause of our Federal Constitution into the following regions: (1) *The Northeastern Region*, made up of the New England and Middle Atlantic States; (2) *the Southeastern Region*, comprehending the States of the Old South and border States, save Mississippi, Arkansas, and Missouri; (3) *the Middle South*, consisting of the States of Texas, Arkansas, Kansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, and Oklahoma; (4) *the Middle West*, made up of the States of Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Minnesota, Wiscon-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



sin, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Ohio; (5) *the Northwestern Region*, comprehending the States of Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming; and (6) *the Southwestern Region*, consisting of California, Nevada, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, and Arizona.

II — Regional Councils

Let there be a regional council in each regional area consisting of one representative chosen by each of the following:

A. Corporations: Six Delegates. (1) Banks, insurance companies, and corporations of a fiduciary character; (2) corporations engaged in all sorts of manufacturing and processing save electrical, gas, and other forms of public utilities and those engaged in communications; (3) corporations and individuals engaged in mining, lumbering, and other extractive industries such as the production of oil and gas and refineries thereof; (4) corporations engaged in transportation in all its forms including air service; (5) corporations engaged in the public utility field including the wholesaling and retailing of gas, oil, and steam power; and (6) corporations engaged in disseminating information, such as newspapers, magazines, periodicals, telephone, telegraph, cable, and radio communications.

B. Professions: Five Delegates. One representative chosen by majority vote of the delegates from each state association as follows: (1) state educational associations, (2) state bar associations, (3) state health, welfare, and medical associations; (4) state police and state militia, (5) associations of highway engineers and builders' organizations.

C. Skilled Workers: Five Delegates. One representative from each of the following organized workers: (1) miners and quarry men, (2) building trades workers, (3) printing trades, (4) railway brotherhoods and transport workers, and, (5) textile and boot and shoe workers.

D. Agricultural Producers: Four Delegates. One representative from each of the following branches of agriculture chosen by the state federation of co-operatives: (1) dairy producers, (2) fruit and vegetable growers,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(3) growers of wheat, corn, oats, and grains, generally, (4) producers of live stock.

E. Researchers: Four Delegates. One representative of the following fields of research chosen by the faculties of the colleges and universities authorized to grant scientific, academic, and engineering degrees: (1) physics, (2) chemistry, (3) geology, (4) the humanities.

III—Jurisdiction of Councils

Let the states in each area provide through regional compacts approved by the legislatures of the respective states comprehended within each region and then by the Congress of the United States that regional councils shall have the jurisdiction of the following subjects as in each such compact provided: (1) chartering of banking and other corporations, except those not for pecuniary profit; (2) public works including water supply, sewerage, public utilities, highways, rivers and harbors, telephone, telegraph, radio, and the transmission of intelligence; (3) police, correction, militia, and control over firearms and weapons; (4) crimes, misdemeanors, torts, civil contracts, and quarantine jurisdiction; (5) wages, hours, and conditions of labor.

As a starting device, let every bill introduced in a state legislature be submitted to the Regional Council for its report and recommendation, with the understanding that within one month after receipt it will be returned to the legislature of its origin with a recommendation from the majority of the Council advisory in form and not in any way binding upon the state legislature except when jurisdiction has been granted to the said Council under a regional compact.

The actual grant of jursidiction to the Regional Council by the States should be definite enough to avoid a defect in the grant of authority to Congress by the Articles of Confederation which preceded our Constitution. Alexander Hamilton pointed out in the *Continentalist* under date of August 30, 1781:

> "The great defect of the Confederation is, that it gives the United States no property; or, in other words, no revenue, nor the means of acquiring it, inherent in themselves and independent of the temporary pleasure of the different members. . . ."

Upon this point Chancellor James Kent, in his *Commentaries*, noted this defect of the Confederation:

> "No express grant conveyed any implied power; and it is easy to perceive that a strict and rigorous adherence to the letter of the grant, without permission to give it a liberal and equitable interpretation in furtherance of the beneficent ends of the Government, must in many cases, frustrate entirely the purposes of the power.

IV—Regional Circuit Courts of Appeals

Let each regional compact provide for a Regional Circuit Court of Appeals made up of one designee of each Supreme or highest Law Court of each State, who shall, upon designation of the Governor of each State at the time the regional court is formed, become a member of the Regional Court of Appeals for a life term unless removed through impeachment or by reason of disability.

Appeals should be from the highest State Court, where federal questions are not involved, in cases comprehending contracts involving more than $20,000; crimes involving breaches of trust; conspiracies in restraint of free contracts; murder for hire; kidnaping; extortion by threats of personal or group vengeance; and in cases raising questions concerning the interpretation of regional compacts. In these latter cases the right of appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States should be recognized.

V—Presiding Officers of Councils

A. Meeting Places. Let the Council sit in rotation for one year in the State Capitol of each State forming a part of a region.

B. Presiding Officer. Let the Governor of the State wherein the Council is to sit be the Chairman of the said Council for the year it sits in the Capitol of that State.

C. Council of State. Let the Governor, as such Chairman, be the member of the Council of that region to sit in the Council of State of the United States.

D. Method of Selection of Delegates to Regional Councils. Let each corporation chartered by any authority within a region, except those not for pecuniary profit, have one vote for each ten thousand dollars of capital and undivided surplus and select the delegates of the Corporation Guild by majority of all votes cast in the region as a whole and not by States.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let the other members be selected as indicated under II above.

E. Terms. Let the terms of the members of the council be for six years, except in case of initial elections, which shall be for two, four, and six years, respectively. One-third of the members of any guild shall be elected for two years, one-third for four years, and one-third or any remainder of the total, for a six-year term.

F. Salaries. Let the salaries of members of the Council be eight thousand dollars per year and traveling expenses, except those members chosen to sit in the Third House of the Congress of United States, who shall, while members of the latter house, receive an additional two thousand dollars per year as compensation.

VI—National Council of State

Let there be provided, first, by call of the President of the United States and later by action of the Congress of the United States, a Council of State consisting of the members of the President's Cabinet, the living ex-Presidents, the Vice-President of the United States, the Chairmen of the respective six Regional Councils, the Chief of the Bureau of the Budget, and the Director of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

Let there be referred to the said Council administrative problems arising in the course of regional administrative work and in connection with the administrative work of federal bureaus, divisions, and departments in the respective regions including the guidance of the gradual transfer from Washington of such functions of the national government as are now centered at Washington but which are concerned mainly or chiefly with regional rather than strictly national matters such as, for example, the administration of Hot Springs, Arkansas, Mineral Springs, now under the Department of the Interior, the inspection of mines, slaughter houses, immigration, quarantine at ports of entry, regional banks, many functions of the Interstate Commerce Commission, customs offices, regulation of power sites, regional parks, forests, and reservations, steamboat inspection service, and fisheries.

Salaries. Let the former Presidents of the United States receive a salary of $25,000 per year for life, to compensate them for sitting in the Council of State and to free them of any necessity of engaging in commercial or other pursuits and let other federal officers receive salaries as provided by statute.

VII—A Third House of Congress

A. Membership. Let there be constituted by call of the President of the United States an Advisory Third House of the Congress of the United States to take the place of the national lobbies now in existence, consisting of the following members:

1. The members of the proposed Council of State of the United States.
2. Four members of each occupational group represented in the regional council chosen by ballot of the delegates of that profession sitting in each council.
3. The members of the following Federal Boards and Commissions: (1) Federal Reserve, (2) Interstate Commerce, (3) Federal Trade, (4) Farm Loan, (5) Federal Farm, (6) Shipping, (7) Radio, (8) Home Loan Bank, (9) Civil Service, and (10) Power.
4. Let one member of each of the aforesaid Federal Boards and Commissions be required to sit at all times while the Third House is in session, while any or all members shall have seats therein with full power of debate and of voting.

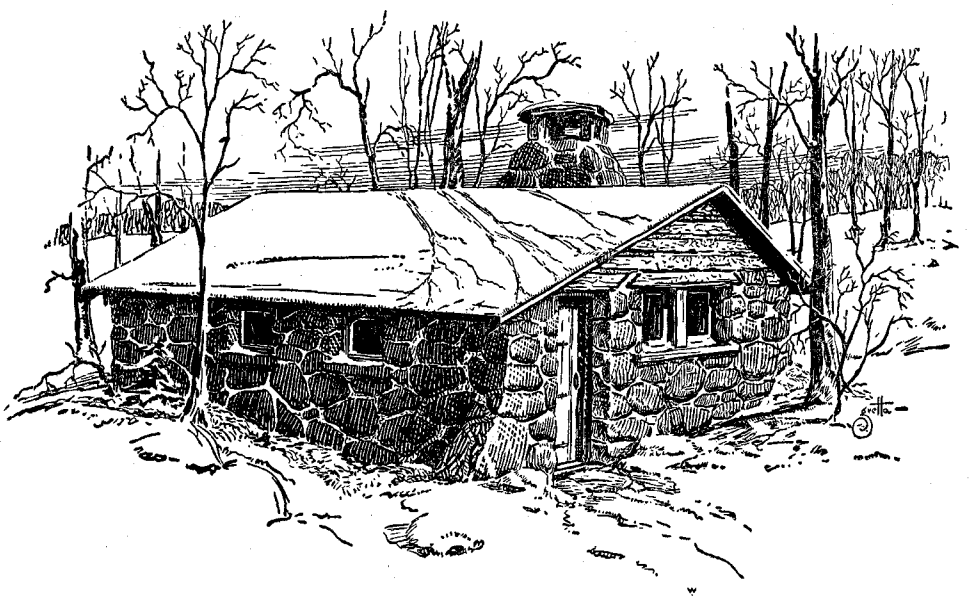
B. Powers and Duties of the Third House. Let the House of Representatives and the Senate provide by their rules that each and every bill passed by either shall be routed from the Senate to the House or from the House to the Senate through the Third House of the Congress, which shall, (except when an Emergency Message of the President of the United States says in each case the political interests do not admit of delay or where given more time by consent of either house), within two weeks by majority vote make an advisory report upon each and every such bill; and in cases of conferences between the Senate and the House, each such conference committee shall contain one member of the Third House who shall be designated by the Speaker and by the Vice-President of the United States as presiding officers of the House and Senate respectively.

Any vote of such Third House shall be advisory only and shall not be binding upon either the House of Representatives or the Senate of the United States.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Home for $130

One Way of Beating the Depression



Drawings by J. Clemens Gretter

***by* KATRINA HINCKS**

On a Connecticut hillside, backed by a sloping pasture and a clump of oaks, stands a sturdy little stone house. It is square and gray-roofed, with walls of native field stone and weathered timbers cut from the land. It looks as if it had stood there for years. Indeed, it fits so naturally into its background that the passerby sees nothing unusual about it at all, unless he happens to learn that it was built during the summer of 1932 by Bill and Ann Carter, two years out of college and temporarily out of a job. They built it literally with their own hands — planned it, laid every stone, set every beam — and they are going to live in it until the depression is over, and perhaps longer. The little stone house and its saga represent a rather exhilarating way of tackling 1933.

The story really begins before Bill and Ann were married, when they decided that the Carter farm would be a grand place to have a little house of their own for weekends. Then last April, when Bill was told he wouldn't be needed at his job for three months, they began to make sketches and to pick out a place for their shack. They both felt then that it might have to become something more than a summer plaything, and they determined to build it in stone and make a permanent, liveable house of it. Of course inquiring natives told them they were crazy to attempt a stone house, and none of their friends dreamed they would actually live in it, even if they succeeded in getting it up. It would be so much easier to fall back on their families, as so many unemployed young couples have done, than to try to stick it out alone. But they did it. It is ten months now since they left Trenton. Bill has not been called back to his job, and has no idea when he will be.

From my acquaintance with Ann, I still find it hard to picture her living a rugged country life and liking it. At college she saved her old clothes for the rainiest of Poughkeepsie days and never descended to the five-year-old polo coats and earth-colored sport shoes affected by the rest of us. She had plenty of the house-party and gardenia side of college, and seemed to enjoy this and her advanced art courses with a total disregard of any possibility of having to count costs, far less of having to earn a living. She studied art at Yale for a year after graduation, and then she married Bill and moved away from Bridgeport, where they had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

both been brought up, to Trenton, where he had a job with an industrial administration company. I used to see her occasionally when she came home for weekends and hear how she was enjoying the round of Junior League meetings, the care of a small apartment, and dinner parties for Bill's friends and her own. When I heard that they had left Trenton in April and were living in Connecticut I wondered a little how Ann would fit into so quiet a life.

They had been occupying their new house nearly three months before I had an opportunity of visiting them and seeing what they had made of it. It was a frosty December evening. Washington looked very quiet around its ancient green — and very remote and cold. It took some time to follow the directions they gave us at the post office, for the road up the long hill was frozen into ruts and closed off in one place where the bridge had been washed out, but we got to the top at last and found the Carter farmhouse. Ann was waiting in the doorway.

"Come inside and thaw out for a minute before we go up to the shack," she said. "I've got to get the lanterns — Bill forgot them. And you'd better run the car into the barn. It's going to be a lot colder to-night."

Across the sloping pasture, on the other side of the valley, we could just see a chimney, and a little figure swinging an axe.

"Bill's up there now, chopping wood. It's the best thing we do. We have only the fireplace to cook and keep warm by."

As we went down the hill and crossed the brook on a plank bridge, the little house stood out in the cold blue dusk, with smoke coming from its broad chimney. Bill had piled the wood he had cut in front of the door, for use that evening. We climbed around it and entered.

It was a warm, stone-walled room with a big fire crackling in the fireplace along the west wall and steam coming out of the kettle on the crane. Opposite the hearth was a wide built-in double bunk, covered in red, with a sloping back which (we discovered later) swung up by a chain and turned into another bunk.

Ann lighted two kerosene lamps, one on the table by the door, the other on the built-in cupboard in the corner by the fireplace, and the room sprang into relief. The sky looked dark through the two little windows above the bunk, and the branches outside shook in the rising wind. We sat on the red bunk and relaxed before the warm hearth while Ann and Bill began preparations for dinner. The spring had just frozen over, and Bill came in with an armful of wood and a pail with bits of floating ice in it.

"That's going to make it dandy for getting water before breakfast!" he said, setting the pail down beside the fire. "I'm through bringing it in the night before, though, after yesterday. We found a dead mouse in it in the morning."

I was curious about the technique of cooking dinner for four over an open fire. Ann said it really wasn't hard, when you got used to it.

"I can boil anything by hanging pots and kettles from the crane. I can broil anything by resting a broiler on an iron frame we had made. And I can bake things in my pet oven, as you're going to see. Only it's a bit hard to tell whether your dinner is going to be ready at 6:30 or 8, because no two fires are ever alike. If you'll put that water on the crane for the potatoes, I'll get the brownies ready and put them in the oven so they can bake when these logs burn down a little."

I looked for a concealed Dutch oven, but didn't see one.

"Here it is," Ann said, bringing out from under the table a bright metal arrangement which looked like half a breadbox. "Bill, let's have the box for its back legs to rest on, please." Bill explained that this reflector oven (the kind used by Adirondack guides — two sheets of metal set at an acute angle, with a shelf between them, and resting on legs close to the fire) was really very scientific and efficient, except when it fell forward on its face in the ashes.

"We tried a kerosene stove at first," Ann said, hanging a pot of string beans on the crane, "but it was awful — smelled to heaven and didn't work anyway. So it's outside now, being an icebox, and I use the fireplace. More wood, darling, or we won't eat till midnight." She knelt on the hearth, wrapping up olives in bacon to make canapes to go with the cocktails — the indispensable touch of civilization. (I thought of the eccentric Englishman, dressing religiously for dinner in the tropics and other outposts of civilization.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After dinner I began to pump them for information about how they had built the house, and how they managed about living expenses.

"Of course we had a good set-up to begin with," Bill explained. "This is Dad's land, so we don't pay any taxes. The stone all came from the old walls above the pasture. That wall looks near, but we found all the good stones were up at the far end, of course. We hand-picked them out of about a hundred yards of wall. The beams and the floor-planks and the timbers under the angle of the gable, above the wall, came from an old barn a mile and a half away that Dad didn't even know was on his land until he had it surveyed last winter. We had to get those beams out of the barn, carry them to the road, drag them a mile or so behind the car, and then carry them from the road down across the brook and up again."

In like manner much of the building material and some of the furnishings were picked up, "by fair means or foul," according to Ann, from the countryside. The chestnut boards they used for the floor were the lining taken out of an old icehouse. Several 2½-inch planks, 14 inches wide, were thrown away by workmen repairing an old bridge, and immediately seized upon by the watchful Carters. The crane, a very fine old one, was given to them, and so were a few of their copper utensils. Ann stirred the beans with an old long-handled iron spoon which she had found being used to feed the chickens at the farm, and the big hand-wrought spikes from which the pots hung along the fireplace came from one of the barns.

"It took us from April to the middle of October to build it," Bill said.

"And we thought we could whip it up in two months," added Ann wryly.

"But we only worked afternoons," Bill explained, "and half the time was spent in getting the materials here to work with."

I could see that one evening wasn't going to be enough to answer all the questions I had to ask about the building of the house, so I persuaded them each to write down an account of their respective shares in the work and send them to me. Here they are, word for word as they were written, with the blisters still very fresh in their memory, if not actually visible. Bill's may come first, because he had to do most of the actual ground-breaking:

"To start a foundation for the shack, we had to cut down several trees and dig into the side of the hill. We started in April, and between roots, snow, stones, hard pan, and mud, the digging lasted two weeks. When the ground was finally leveled it was necessary to dig still further to start the foundations of the walls, which extended three feet into the ground in order to get below the frost level. By the end of six weeks these foundation ditches were filled with boulders, cracked rock, and concrete. This was a bit encouraging, after I had blistered my hands with the pick and shovel and split and crushed them with the boulders.

"The building of the walls was a mere matter of screening sand, carrying it in pails up the hill, gathering and selecting rocks, mixing concrete (also carried up the hill), cracking other rocks for fill, and mixing them all up together with swear words and a few drops of blood. Result, a wall.

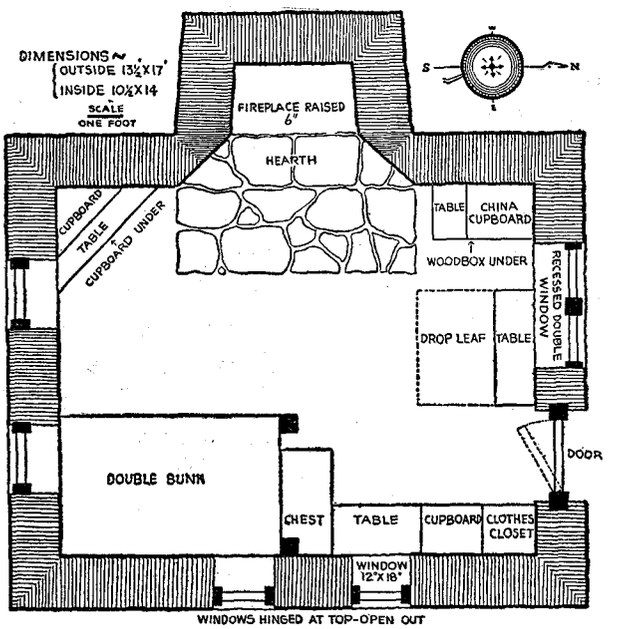
"At intervals, to get away from this boring procedure, I would hike out a half mile into the woods and carry hand-hewn six-by-six beams from an old fallen-down barn. From the road I dragged them behind the car to the foot of the hill, and then carried them up to the shack. This was hard enough work, but at the time it seemed a relief from the monotony of carrying sand and building the walls. When the first wall was completed I thought it a beautiful thing, but at the end of a few more months of wall-building the first part seemed a sorry mess in comparison with the last construction done. The work was more interesting when the window frames were made and put in position. When the first three walls were completed, we started the floor construction in order to have a level surface from which to start the fireplace. The foundation of the floor was made of a framework of two-by-fours, with stringers running crosswise, a foot and a half apart. Between these we put cracked rock, and to make it all solid, poured concrete on top of the rock.

"At this point we had our first chance to use some of the rocks which we had carefully selected and saved out for the fireplace wall. First I placed the raised hearth, and the sides of the fireplace, and then built the wall out on either side from this, to make sure that the fireplace was in the proper central position. I have since learned that this is not good building etiquette, but it answered our purpose. For

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the last few months we had been examining the inside of every fireplace and flue we could find. With a high fireplace in mind, it was hard to be sure that we would get a good draft by copying the ones we had seen. The fireplace and the surrounding wall were built with the greatest care, and we were surprised to find how much work and trouble it took to make a chimney and flue with the proper slant.

"By the time the chimney had reached the roof level, I dropped the cement work in disgust and decided that we should have a roof over our heads. For rafters we were using the six-by-six beams, and having no ridgepole, I found it was quite difficult to get them properly in place. By the time the last rafter was in position the roof was a sorry looking affair, with braces from every tree and upright nearby that would take a nail. When these were in place the roof boards had to be torn out of another barn and carried up the hill. I was surprised to find in nailing the boards to the old timbers that not even flooring nails would go into them without splitting or bending. As a result I had to use very high-tempered steel nails, which would break off if they were not hit correctly. However, this job went quickly and smoothly, until we discovered that we were using all our good wood, which we wanted to save for the floor and furniture. So we tackled another barn, the fourth in all, from which we were able to take the rest of the wood for the roof. We used the cheapest type of asphalt shingles which were available in the soft gray-green color we wanted.



"The next task was to fill in the ends, from the top of the wall to the peak of the roof. I did this by placing fitted six-by-sixes on top of one another, with a line of cement between each, which gave added strength and looked a lot better than we had expected.

"After finishing the chimney, we set to work laying the floor. For this we used wide, unplaned chestnut. This wood required hours of planing and sanding to bring out the grain. It doesn't take long to write about this, but what a job it was! Then I fitted the windows into the cock-eyed frames, with tobacco laths for sashes. The door was made of double chestnut planking, one inch thick, lapped, and screwed together with seven dozen screws. The fitting and hanging of the door was no easy task, because of the irregularities in the hand-hewn doorposts.

"With the shack now weatherproof, our next objective was to finish the interior to make it liveable as soon as possible. I had the main idea of the bunk in mind, but it was a difficult matter to build it, and took longer than I had expected. The rest of the furniture was easy. Some of the benches were built at the farm, and other pieces, like the corner cupboard, were built where they stood, because we couldn't get them through the door when they were completed."

Here is Ann's story of the feminine half of the job: (Please remember that two years ago exactly, Ann was studying manuscript illumination and the minor masters of the Dutch School!)

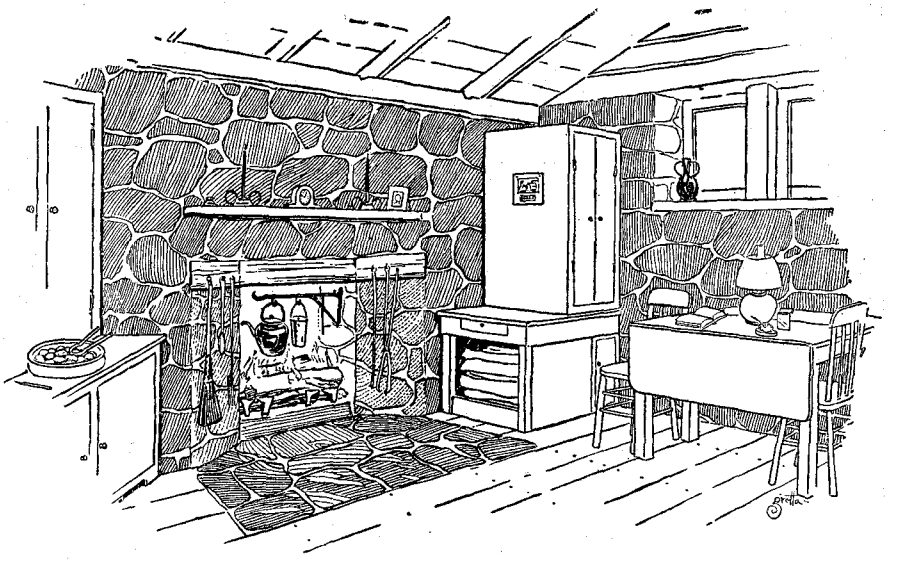
"When the excavation was begun, about all I did was sit around on the edge of the hole and make idle remarks; I was little or no good with a pickaxe and shovel. However, when the stonework began, I did do a lot of running back and forth looking for small stones to use as fill. In time there wasn't a small stone left within easy running distance, so I began my career as a stone-cracker. It didn't take me very long to learn how to hit a rock to make it break up into nice chips, and I soon found it was advisable to close my eyes with each blow of the little sledge-hammer. (I wore out the seats of three pairs of sailor-pants at this job.)

"I could help to some extent with the stone work. Though I was of little use in hauling large rocks around, I could do some of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

filling in and pointing up. In time I even learned to mix the concrete.

"I seem to have reached the building of the roof much sooner in this narrative than in real life. Bill put up the rafters practically alone, as I was afraid he would drop them on me. He would be teetering around on the scaffolding, and would ask for my help. Instead of rushing up with a hammer or something, I would turn and start running down the hill. I think he must have driven the nails with his teeth, as he certainly didn't have enough hands for the job. When that was finished he started putting on the roof boards, and I followed along behind, laying the shingles.



"When the roof was done we filled in the triangular spaces at the ends between the top of the wall and the peak with hand-hewn beams, staining them a warm brown on the inside to match the rest of the woodwork. My main part in this job, other than the staining, was sitting on the beams while Bill shaped them at the ends with an axe. Mine doesn't sound like a hard job, but it wasn't the epitome of comfort.

"Then came the floor. As Bill laid the boards I followed along behind and attempted to plane and scrape down the wood. I'll have to admit that I was way behind and didn't get so very far. It was back-breaking work, and oh! so hard on the knees. Finally I gave up in desperation and stained the rafters and ceiling instead. After several days we got the floor finished and stained, and were amazed at how well it looked. The old chestnut had excellent grain and took the oil stain exceptionally well. After it was oiled, it looked as if it had been there at least half a century.

"At about this time we began working with a vengeance, as our official housewarming had been set for October 15, only a week away. The bunk was completed in two days. Thursday Bill made the table, and as it was a gorgeous moonlight night, we started up to the shack with it on our backs as soon as it was done, he carrying the table and I staggering under the drop-leaf. We put it together and nailed it in place. Friday Bill made the three benches, and that night, again by moonlight, we carried them up the hill and gloated over them. Saturday was the big day, and we started up early with load after load. I had no idea we had acquired so many things (mainly from the five-and-ten.) Somehow by seven that night I had cooked my first dinner over an open fireplace, and six of us sat down to eat it. Aside from the fact that I spilled the hollandaise sauce all over the hearth, and the cauliflower wasn't done, it was a very passable dinner. I've never been so proud of anything!"

The total cost of the house, as Bill and Ann figured it, came to $129.81. This is how it was spent:

Building materials (*including wood — very little was bought, of course — asbestos shingles, nails, mason's twine, window glass, etc.*)	$34.15
Tools	13.71
Cement, lime, sand (*There was no sand-pit on the farm, though they tried to locate one*)	26.15
Hardware (*including locks, latches, hinges, angle-irons, etc.*)	19.37
Furnishings (*including the reflector oven, grate, glasses, china, silver — the last three items from the five-and-ten — material for covering the bunk and pillows, mattress, lamp chimneys, etc.*)	36.43
Total	$129.81

Of course, as Bill pointed out, in not having to buy the land on which the house was built they had an advantage which other couples who wish to follow their example might not possess. But there are still over 170 million acres of land in the United States which may

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be obtained by citizens under the homestead laws at a cost not over $18 for a section of 160 acres.

Living expenses at the shack make the city apartment dweller feel a little sick. This is the way Ann and Bill summed them up, roughly, at the end of their first month:

Light (*This is for kerosene for four large lamps, two lanterns, two small lamps*)	$ .80
Food (*This is for the first month, and includes a lot of staples. The following months have been somewhat lower. Also, during the first month there were guests about four nights a week!*)	26.00
Heat (*This is all furnished by the fireplace, which burned about a cord and a half of dry, well-seasoned wood the first month. This was cut from nearby woodlots. Bill spends an hour a day chopping wood, and finds this keeps them going*)	00.00
Cooking expense, service, etc. (*Ann does all the cooking, does most of her washing at the farm, and has of course no service*)	00.00
Total	$26.80

Entertainment and travel do not appear on this budget, which includes only the running expenses of the shack itself, but entertainment is a practically non-existent item. Travel is mainly by way of Bill's Ford. And as for clothing, neither of them has spent anything on that, except for wool socks and a flannel shirt or two, for the last six months. Another item which doesn't appear on the first month's budget, because it has been added more recently, is sanitation — a chemical privy from Sears-Roebuck, which had to wait for installation until the ground was frozen hard enough to drag it up from the farm on a stone-boat. Their water supply is the spring just behind the shack. The location was chosen with that in mind.

Many of the sternly practical details, of course, escaped us on our first visit. The main impression was of the little room, which seemed built around the great fireplace, and of the endless excitement and entertainment the owners were getting out of their successes and misadventures. The wind had fallen at sundown, and at about ten-thirty (we had a long way to go!) we reluctantly opened the door to a still, bitterly cold night, with the stars amazingly near and bright over the clump of cedars at the top of the pasture. Bill walked ahead, in his blanket-coat with the hood pulled up, carrying one of the lanterns, and we picked our way down the slope to the brook and across the swampy patch, which was now frozen hard.

"Ann's always said she doesn't like the cold," Bill said, "but she seems to be thriving on it, and the hard work. And she's as crazy about the place as I am — can't bear to take two days out to go down to Bridgeport to see her family for fear something'll happen to it while she's gone. I think she'd like to get down to New York to see some galleries once in a while, but we don't seem to be able to make it. And people come up to see us pretty often, so we haven't been lonely, which is what they're always asking about."

Our car started reluctantly after its long wait in the cold, and we turned out of the farmyard where Bill stood with his lantern. There are two people, I thought, who are taking the depression by the horns and making it give them something they want. They haven't turned to either of their families to tide them over a period of unemployment, but have taken the resources in land and material that they found ready and made what they could of them. Their way of meeting the situation isn't specifically "back to the land" — they haven't tried, so far, to grow their own food or to support themselves entirely from the land. But Bill has earned their share of milk and eggs from the Carter farm by working there mornings, and Ann has done the Carter marketing on her trips to the village.

Bill is not working for someone else at a job he might hate, and yet would feel that he ought to be grateful for in times like these. They have an object of absorbing interest which is their own, and will grow as they plan it and drive the nails and set the stones. They are fighting tangible difficulties like the frozen spring, the endless wood to be cut, and food to be cooked; and not sitting in someone else's house vaguely resenting the implacable "system" personified for us just now in the equally implacable depression, not the least evil of which is that there is no one person or even institution behind it which can be challenged and fought. Their solution isn't one that everyone could attempt, but it does represent a courage and gaiety that are alive and heartening. They are persisting in being the people they were meant to be, instead of becoming case histories, and they are finding fun in it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Which Way Out?

by GEORGE SOULE

A PSYCHOLOGIST studying the intelligence of animals puts a rat in a maze. Most passages lead nowhere. But the right course leads to food. The rat blunders about, and sometimes learns to find what he wants.

America in the depression behaves much like a rat in a maze. There are many possible courses. Panaceas by the hundred have been offered. Does any of them offer a trustworthy promise? Shall we blunder through the right door?

George Soule was recently appointed by President Butler, of Columbia University, to serve on a committee of seventeen economic experts, among them Walter Lippmann, Wesley C. Mitchell, Alvin Johnson, and Leo Wolman, who will investigate the economic crisis and make recommendations for constructive action. In this article Mr. Soule gathers together the leading plans and panaceas which have been offered to date and comments upon each in turn, outlining its main features and what we might expect of it if it were put into operation.

It may be worth while to list briefly a dozen of the proffered exits. For purposes of condensation we may exclude the more fantastic. Some of those excluded may be as reasonable as some which have been tried. But we would better confine ourselves to a few which have the most support. In the interest of logic, we should also exclude those proposals which look to a thoroughgoing change in our economic institutions, those which apply less to getting out of this particular depression than to more permanent objectives.

1. *First Hoover Panacea.* Many people think that President Hoover's policy for many months was to do nothing about the depression. On the contrary, he had a definite program. He called together business men and labor leaders with the idea of maintaining the *status quo ante*. Wages were not to be cut, expenditures for materials, equipment, and new construction were to be made as usual, and prices were to be maintained. The conception behind this policy was that the stock-market crash was an isolated affair, and business could be quarantined against its effects. The industrial structure itself was thought to be "fundamentally sound." But business men, on account of groundless fear, might begin to contract their operations, thus spreading the circle of depression. Hoover attempted merely to maintain their morale by calling for joint assurance that everybody was going ahead as if nothing had happened. This explains the long series of optimistic statements, subsequently discovered to be contrary to fact. We should learn from the failure of this policy, (a) that the economic structure was not fundamentally sound and the *status quo* could not be preserved, and (b) that voluntary coöperation among business men can do little.

2. *Second Hoover Panacea.* Lend government money to railroads which otherwise would have to default, banks which otherwise would have to close, and needy insurance companies (Reconstruction Finance Corporation). This would help sustain bond prices, and prevent blows to financial confidence from failures. It would check hoarding. The idea, though somewhat modified from the first program, was really the same. The old prices and the old volume of trade could be restored, thus making good the government loans. The thing that would restore the old situation would be more spending by businesses and more investing by the wealthy. For this reason, Hoover was also strong for balanced budgets and governmental economy to achieve them. He did not want to tax business and the rich more than absolutely necessary, because he wanted wealth to be used freely in private enterprise. He thought that government borrowing to meet deficits diverted investment funds and bank credit from private channels, where it ought to be flowing. This policy has failed so far, and shows signs of ultimate failure. Prices are not returning to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old level; those with money are not investing; the government probably cannot in the end prevent deflation of bonds and capital structures.

3. *Liberal Credit Policy*. From early in the depression, an influential school of economists has been arguing for an expansion of credit to be produced by the central banks. If the Federal Reserve Banks would only buy, say, $500,000,000 worth of government securities, the credit resources of the member banks would be automatically enlarged by about ten times that amount, or $5,000,000,000. They would then be forced to lend and buy securities more freely in order to earn money on their assets. Business would borrow, new bonds would be issued, and business spending would raise prices and restore employment. Early in 1932, after the passage of the Glass-Steagall Act made this course possible, the Federal Reserve Banks began to pursue it. The credit resources of the banks were expanded as expected, but the actual extension of loans and the use of money by business did not follow. It was thought by the advocates of the policy that the upturn of commodity prices and the activity of textile and shoe industries in the summer of 1932 was the dawn of the new day they expected, but night soon closed down again. Either the banks preferred to remain liquid by refusing to loan to and invest in private business, or business itself did not know what to do with the available credit. Probably both were true. Central banking policy is not enough.

4. *Public Works*. For years it has been argued that if public works were expanded in depressions, employment would be increased and money circulated, especially in the industries which suffer the most — construction, steel, and other building materials. This time the argument has been reënforced by the conception that since private business won't or can't borrow and spend more, it is up to the government to do so. Sufficient government spending, it is contended, would bring about the "reflation" of prices which the liberal central banking policy has failed to accomplish. In spite of some expansion of federal work, the policy has not been tried, because states and localities have restricted their expenditures. There has been a tremendous net shrinkage in spending for public works since 1929. This is not because there is any lack of worthy and needed projects, but because the local governments cannot get the credit, and also on account of the general pressure for public economy. Financing of "self-liquidating" public works through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has been tardy and small. It is politically difficult to bring about the desired governmental spending at a time when taxpayers are hard hit. It is doubtful whether, even if the policy were tried, it would be sufficient to turn the corner of a depression as severe as this.

Private Aid

5. *Rorty Plan*. Malcolm Rorty, a business man economist, proposes straight governmental subsidies to private business for new building and equipment. He adheres to the doctrine that revival can come only through new spending for construction and other forms of capital goods. But he opposes the public works program. And he admits that business, under present conditions, is not doing the spending. The subsidy is for the purpose of starting the necessary movement. He argues (a) that there is a real need for new capital expenditure by business, since he estimates that during the depression plants are wearing out and we are falling behind a normal construction program, and (b) that once the thing were started, it would go ahead of its own momentum. He would guard against abuse by competitive bidding and other devices. One question is, would business be able to use profitably any larger productive equipment than it has, until more fundamental readjustments have taken place in prices and incomes — until, for instance, farmers and wage-earners have a larger purchasing power in relation to bond holders?

6. *Voluntary Domestic Allotment Plan*. This is a plan, likely to be adopted by the Roosevelt administration, to increase the farmers' purchasing power. Some hope it will lead to revival. As originally outlined, it applies to the main cash crops of wheat, cotton, hogs, and tobacco. It would offer to growers of these crops a government subsidy on each bushel or pound sold for consumption in the United States. The subsidy would be enough to increase the farmer's receipts for each bushel or pound to a level which would enable him to buy as many things with the proceeds as he did before the war. The government would derive the necessary funds by an excise tax on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

products in question, levied at the mills or other chief marketing points. Only those farmers would receive the subsidy who would sign contracts to restrict their acreage; thus the higher prices would not lead to overproduction. This plan, if it works, benefits the farmer at the expense of the consumer. But it benefits him only to the extent of restoring him to the relative position he held before the war, and indeed, almost recaptured before the depression. Consumers ought to be able to stand that much increase in farm prices, especially if the farmer is thereby enabled to buy more of what the consumer makes. It is primarily a scheme to redistribute purchasing power rather than to increase its total amount, but many economists maintain that such a redistribution is a needed preliminary to an increase in total income.

7. *Five-Day Week.* There is not enough work to go round, even in prosperity. Therefore the only alternative to unemployment is to shorten hours for everybody. This sounds like the "share-work" program, but as understood by labor it isn't. For labor wants a shorter standard working week without any reduction of weekly pay, whereas the share-work program reduces pay as working time is reduced. The latter plan has no stimulating effect on business, because it does not increase the purchasing power of consumers; indeed, two men on half pay may spend less than one man on full pay. But to shorten hours without shortening pay means more money going to the whole labor group, for more men must be employed. Indeed, Arthur Dahlberg has written a book to prove that a sufficient compulsory reduction of hours would solve the whole economic problem. (a) By reducing the available labor supply it would increase labor's bargaining power and thus lead to a redistribution of income. This would mean more consuming power in markets and less money for new investment in productive facilities which must be idle. (b) It would increase leisure and thus lead to more purchasing of consumption goods. But shorter hours without reduction of pay are difficult to achieve during the depression. They will undoubtedly come eventually, but as a result of, not as a cause of, general recovery.

8. *The Railroad Labor Plan.* Some months ago the Railroad Brotherhoods proposed a plan for expanding the amount of credit by lending to impoverished consumers rather than to business concerns. The government would make, to needy heads of families, loans which they guaranteed to repay when they got jobs again. The idea was that a sufficient distribution of purchasing power to consumers by this means would so stimulate business that employment would be restored.

9. *The Douglas Credit Plan.* Years ago Major Douglas of England proposed a plan to cure depressions by a "national dividend" and price-fixing. His idea was that credit expansion on the basis of private ownership leads to producing more than consumers have the power to buy. Therefore extra money must be given to consumers besides that which they may earn, and prices must be controlled. The idea has many complexities, but this is its essence. It is difficult to see how this plan could be worked without a thoroughgoing reorganization of our economic system.

New Kinds of Money

10. *Inflation of Currency.* There are many schemes for legislation to increase the amount of money in circulation, and thus stimulate activity and bring about a rise in prices. These include: reducing the gold content of the dollar; using silver as well as gold as a standard of currency; issuing government bonds, not to investors who buy them, but to constructors of public works, these bonds to be in small denominations and made legal tender; and straight printing of new kinds of currency. There are two kinds of objection to these schemes: first, that they would not work; second, that they would work too well. They might not work because most payments nowadays are made by credit or bookkeeping entries rather than by currency. We use checks more than dollar bills, especially for large amounts. It is more important to expand credit than to cause any easily conceivable expansion of currency. Any scheme of inflation which did work would favor debtors at the expense of creditors; bankers, bondholders, and mortgage holders therefore oppose it. And monetary inflation, once started, is hard to stop, as the post-war experience of Germany and other countries has shown. Most of the inflationary schemes therefore include devices by which the proponents hope the expansion of currency would be ended, once revival was achieved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

11. *Stamped Scrip.* This covers inflationary schemes which do not require legislation by the national government. One variety of scrip, known in Germany as "Wara," is issued by employers in payment for work. It will be accepted by the employers who issue it in payments for their products, but only at values which depreciate so much a month or so much a week. It must be stamped at every interval in order to be good. The fact that the currency depreciates causes it to circulate rapidly; everybody wants to spend, nobody wants to hoard. This increase of velocity in circulation is equivalent to an increase in quantity of money. The scrip will be accepted by almost everybody when sales cannot be made for ordinary money. If use of this currency became general, interest and fixed indebtedness would be abolished. Nobody could gain by owning money and lending it. Another form of stamped scrip, used in certain localities of the United States, is issued by local governments. It does not depreciate, but stamps bought from the government in question must be affixed, either at regular intervals or on every exchange of the scrip. When a certain number of stamps have been affixed, it will be redeemed for a new piece of scrip having the same value. This is really a sales tax rather than inflation proper. The government collects the money it needs from the citizens, but after, rather than before it spends the money.

12. *The Barter Exchange or Graham Plan.* Workers need potential products of other workers, who in turn need work making these products. If various groups of producers could exchange directly, without depending on the present business organization or on present money, they could be employed and supported. This simple idea has led to barter exchanges in many localities. Products are exchanged; work is exchanged; products are exchanged for work. As the organization becomes more comprehensive, it issues scrip to facilitate the exchange process. The program is most easily applicable to simple commodities made by individual labor and to personal services. Farm products may be traded for carpentering, painting, or barbering. A few of the exchanges have attempted to spread out to include mills, mines, or factories. These may be rented, or they may be acquired by the exchange. In Ohio an attempt has been made to apply the idea to a miscellaneous group of organized businesses, by equating demands for goods against the possible supply. Professor Frank Graham of Princeton has suggested an intricate plan for applying the scheme on a national basis. Some proponents of the idea advance it as a way of introducing a coöperative commonwealth, others, like Professor Graham, regard it solely as a way of preventing unemployment and warn that it must not interfere with the ordinary capitalist system. It is indubitably successful, in limited localities and groups, as a means of unemployment relief. Whether it will amount to more than this is questionable.

Toward A Better Society

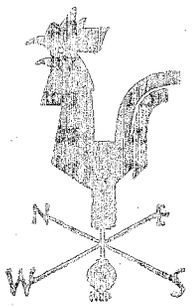
Some of these measures have been tried, so far unsuccessfully. A few others have been tried with limited success, but without visible effect on the state of the nation as a whole. One or two will probably be tried in the future. And some will probably not be tried at all.

My own belief is that no one of them, nor all of them together, will be found to be the way out. The problem is too complex to yield to single panaceas. If we do come through, we shall do so as a result of a long series of adjustments, some of them deliberately made, others enforced by circumstances. Among these adjustments will probably be an important one which might have been included in the preceding list — a matching of the deflation which has already occurred in commodity prices by a deflation of fixed debts — bonds, farm mortgages, city real estate mortgages.

I also believe that the focus of interest might well be changed from specific panaceas to the larger effort of becoming like reasoning human beings in our social and economic problems, instead of being like rats in a maze. I am not in favor of getting out of this maze only to get into a new one. Our society needs thoroughgoing reorganization. We need to plan in advance, and exercise control over, all the major activities where discord now thwarts us. Credit, investment, wages, prices, production, consumption — the things which these panaceas attack with limited objectives — need to be co-ordinated by means of a general framework, and devoted to the conscious advance of mankind.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fashions in Fiction



by **HARRY HANSEN**

When the news of George Moore's death arrived, Sinclair Lewis's novel, *Ann Vickers*, was lying open on my desk and I was viewing an exhibition of stream-line prose such as had not appeared in American books for a long season. Over a period of months there had been everything but precision and directness; I had become used to obliquity and obscurity; I had learned to see in the dark, with nothing to guide me but the novelist's cigar, which carefully concealed the fact that he was slipping out of another door. Even the "school of simplicity," of which Ernest Hemingway was reputed to be the father, was simple only in vocabulary, indulging in the most extravagant reiteration.

Then there was the relay method, best exemplified by William Faulkner, whereby one character had no sooner touched hands with another when the author was off to describe the latter's acts, thoughts, and unexplained reticences; there was the stage-set, cultivated by Joseph Hergesheimer, who assembled cocktail glasses, ash trays, wives, and stiff-bosom shirts before he introduced the ailments of his guests. There was the interrupted chronicle of John Dos Passos, who had scarcely won my admiration by portraying a child of circumstance when he blinded my eyes with news-reel flashes and threw in an assortment of bank presidents and law-makers who were quite remote in my mind. There was the roll call of William March and Kaufman-Ferber, a new man or a new room with every page, and there was the lull in time when all clocks stopped and Virginia Woolf struck a match unexpectedly in the mental dark.

All these things were in my mind because someone had asked, a few days before, what direction American prose was likely to take; how were novelists going to express themselves and who was the most influential among them? That meant determining who was setting the pace — and it is always easier to generalize about decades dead and gone than to break new ground. Moreover it involved the position of Sinclair Lewis — was he likely to influence the younger writers by his story or were their eyes on other masters? Sinclair Lewis had a long and honorable record in prose-writing; he had been called the best expression of the American temper, against the judgment of many Americans who were offended by his one-sided portraits. But these Americans belonged to an older vintage and no doubt still gossiped about the goings-on of Mrs. Clantantram and the Dean of Barchester, whereas the younger men were already calling Lewis old-fashioned because he dealt solely with an individual career in what was frankly an objective narrative. The new men had discarded the well-built story; they had used behavior without design and design without behavior; they had taken a man at his worst moods and put him on paper; they had shown him at the mercy of circumstance, too poor and too weak mentally to fight the cruel powers of social determinism.

George Moore was at the opposite pole; he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had learned, with a great deal of hard labor, to express himself so fluently that his prose seemed like a rich pastry, so melodiously that one often forgot what he had to say. It was curious that George Moore should bound into my thoughts when I was thinking about Sinclair Lewis and that I should connect the two as originally members of the same confession. For the juxtaposition of George Moore and Sinclair Lewis is not as absurd as it may seem, if one places *Heloise and Abelard* beside *Elmer Gantry*. Both Moore and Lewis were affected by naturalism and bowed before the same gods. Moore, no less than Theodore Dreiser, had discovered a world of humanity in Balzac; in his youthful days in Paris Moore sat at the feet of Zola, admired him, reviewed him, and had even suffered the unenviable distinction of having the door slammed in his face at Medan for exercising a reviewer's privilege of mild dissent.

Moore, however, went far afield; his books were never prepared with the huge documentation affected by Zola. Moore relied on his ear for the vernacular and on his memory for his knowledge of race-track practices and servant girls, but individuals were more important to him than a cross-section of life, and soon he began to consult his own taste in music, art, and letters. As his novels became more and more a delight to eye and ear they moved away from verisimilitude. When Zola was an exile in London and Moore called on him, the master of naturalism must have known that his admirer was far from being a disciple.

Does Lewis Still Lead?

From such refinement Sinclair Lewis has been spared because he is primarily the American reporter who drew his sustenance from the barren cultural wastes of Gopher Prairie rather than the richly traditional road to the Irish mountain Slievegullion of *Hail and Farewell*. Preoccupied with surroundings, he rarely digs beneath the surface, and invariably describes the misuse men and women make of their opportunities rather than the pitiful and helpless situations into which they are forced by their occupations and economic position. In *Ann Vickers* human beings have created the stupidities Ann fights; her own clear-cut conception of prison management and reform strikes insurmountable obstacles. These are never vaguely referred to as "the system" of muckraking days, but are personified in Mrs. Albert Windelskate, who believes that "for a lot of these hill-billies prison is the most regenerating and civilizing force"; Dr. Addington Slenk, Cap'n Waldo Dringoole, Mrs. Bitlick, and the rest, second cousins of some of Dickens's schoolmasters and villains.

Sinclair Lewis has changed his characters and his setting, but not his method. He admires his chief character for once, and justifies what she does. But to do so he had to attack practically everyone with whom she came in contact, or at least endow them with a generous assortment of human follies and frailities. The bitterness and hatred of the earlier novels remains. Ann Vickers resembles to some extent the lady whose name is so much like her own — Ann Veronica. In fact the resemblance is even closer, for Ann Veronica, too, was a feminist in revolt, fighting for suffrage, and she, too, fell in love with a man already married, and held on to him for dear life. But there the resemblance ends. *Ann Veronica* portrays an important situation: the fight between parental authority and filial obedience, the clash between a new generation eager to break conventions and a conservative generation of elders shocked and grieved.

If Sinclair Lewis stands practically where he did when *Main Street* made him a national figure, then he has not moved with the times. For the novel is moving beyond him. The denunciation of human stupidity for itself alone is no longer received with shouts; the younger novelists have been trying to place the blame for it. The search for infantile influences and psychological factors is giving way before the search for the responsibility in society itself. If people are as Mr. Lewis describes them, then there must be a reason for their condition. Mr. Lewis's latest novel does not indicate that he is moving toward any such balanced inquiry.

This leads me to suspect that Sinclair Lewis will be more important for the reader than for the novelist who is watching the weather vane. For readers and writers do not think alike; the basic reading public in America wants a comprehensible story, a narrative permitting the exercise of its emotions. One reason why the modern novel has found such a limited audience is because many readers have no point of contact with the author and no patience to follow his experiments with the subconscious

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the abnormal. Writers who have won the high respect of their fellows — Virginia Woolf and William Faulkner, for example — have a following wholly disproportionate to the great amount of discussion called forth by their writings. The average man is likely to dismiss this type of novel entirely, because psychological research no longer interests him; he wants action, preferably stories that will beguile the hours or permit him to continue vicariously his conquest of nature, business, and women. And the American woman, considered in numbers, is still moved by tales of true love, loyalty, and affection, so that magazine editors, despairing of the new, the untried, and the difficult, fall back upon the writings of Temple Bailey and Kathleen Norris for re-enforcement in their fight for circulation.

But, you will say, two of the best-read books of the year were *The Fountain* and *The Good Earth*, and neither was commonplace, or consoling, or fitted to a popular pattern. One was a philosophical novel in which there was more talk than action; the other was a drama of love and devotion, of life under the varying circumstances experienced by man. How did they win their following and where do they fit into the scheme? Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, writing in the January FORUM on the growth of interest in international topics, cites these novels as proof of our enjoyment of a foreign scene — in the first instance the Dutch, in the second, the Chinese. I doubt that the explanation is adequate in either instance. When *The Fountain* came to me for review I became completely absorbed in the hero's desire to withdraw from a turbulent world and give himself to contemplation. The prison, and later the castle, threw a monastic glamour about the story. It did not occur to me for some time that the author was describing events and scenes of which I had personal knowledge. When Antwerp fell to the Germans I was on the outskirts, reporting for my newspaper, and met numerous fugitives who reached Dutch soil. Among them was a British officer who had managed to procure a civilian's suit so that he could return to England on the Flushing boat without being interned by the Dutch. He told me of British sailors who had to seek refuge on Dutch soil and were interned. Had the story been vitally concerned with the Dutch setting or way of life, I should have noticed this at once. But that really made very little impression upon me.

The Fountain, a long novel based on the discussion of love in Plato's *Phaedrus*, had two groups of readers: those who preferred the first third to the last two-thirds, and those who preferred the love-story to the philosophy. The latter, judging by comment, were far in the majority. They enjoyed the mystical note and the idealistic plane on which the love story was carried forward.

Even throughout the love story, the specter of renunciation was ever present. There was a definite reference to something exalted, rising above the mere pleasure of the flesh. "While we are in our philosophic childhood," said von Narwitz, "we must be self-denying and we must love. But self-denial, though a great and necessary virtue, is a virtue to be transcended and left behind, and love also, for love is a distraction from personal unity — it prevents the coming together of the soul. Yet it is on earth necessary to the growth of the soul." Such passages permitted free interpretations, and even though the author portrayed what in the old days would have been called an illicit love, he invariably did so with a touch of idealism. Americans have always been responsive to ideal love; possibly Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn would say that this goes back to our traditional puritanism and the honorable practice of ascribing an exalted aim to simple biological appetites. It was sophisticated love, too, without benefit of clergy, but it was beautiful! Whereas *The Good Earth* was as truly a family novel as those that have come to us from England, season after season, with the added virtue of rich sympathy for the common man, a colorful background, and loyalty and devotion mitigating the less admirable human frailities. Neither *The Fountain* nor *The Good Earth* can be said to belong to the obscure or the sentimental.

THE PROLETARIAN POINT OF VIEW

THE INDEBTEDNESS of American novelists to foreign influences and impulses seems increased rather than diminished just now because radicals are making a great noise over the Marxian outlook and Marxian criticism. But much of this is as irrelevant as the disputes over technocracy. One hardly imagines that the younger radical novelists, for all their sympathies, will be able to accept the far-fetched

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

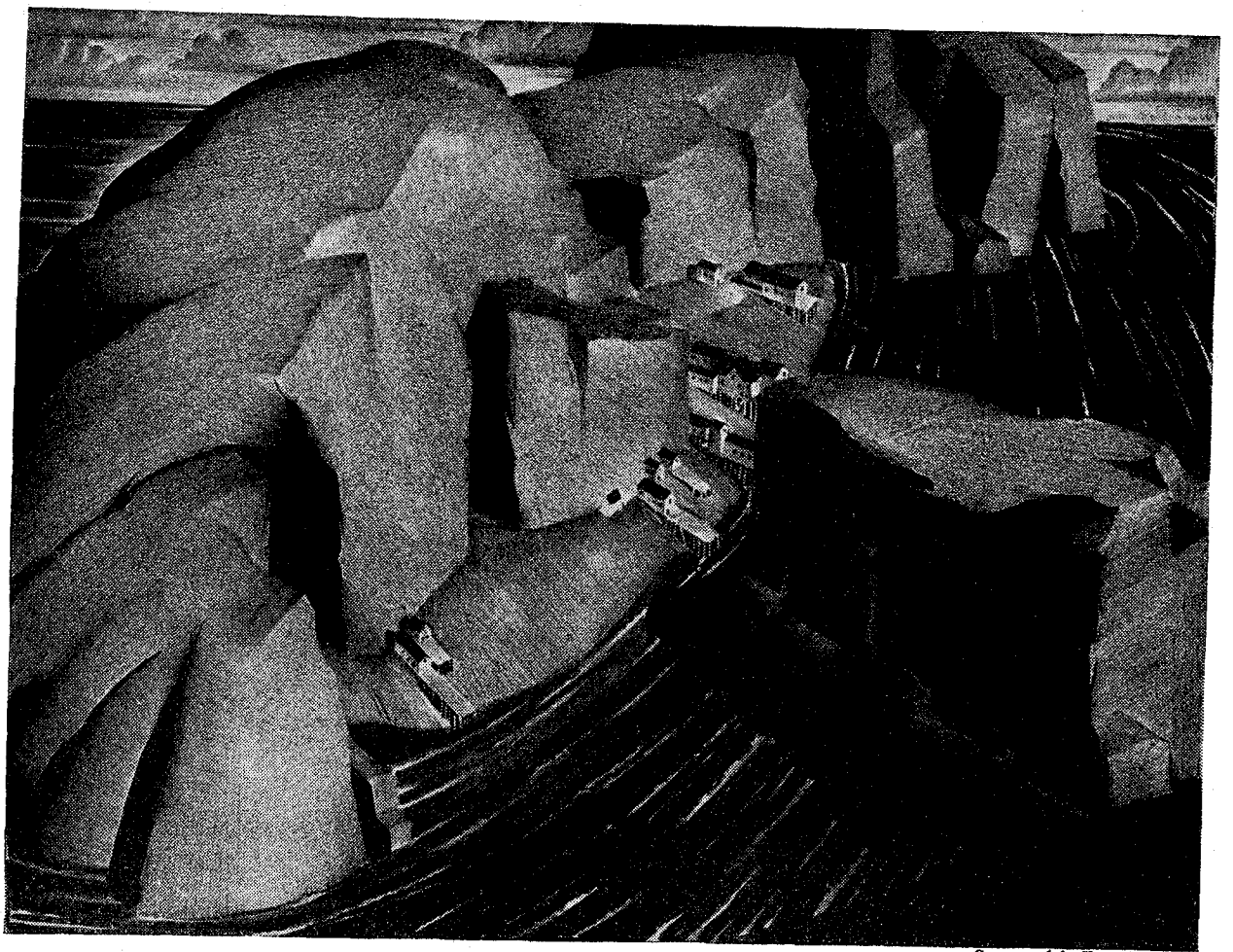
interpretations of literary duty sent forth by Moscow. The Russians have gone so far as to demand that every article, poem, or cartoon dealing with the class struggle is valueless unless sharpened into a weapon of attack against capitalism; mere exposition is not enough. Hand in hand with this extreme advice went an attempt to outlaw all art created under a bourgeois culture. The latter point of view has had to yield to the saner counsel of Gorki and his adherents, who follow the older socialist writers in making use of the products of the great minds of the past. Nevertheless appeals continue to come across the water, such as that to John Dos Passos, in which he was told that his objective rendering of proletarian distress was not enough. "Our task is not merely to see the world," wrote the Soviet spokesmen, Selvinsky and Pavlenko, in commenting on the stenographic method employed in *The 42nd Parallel*. "We don't want to be like ants crawling from one speck of earth to another. Our task is to understand the true structure of the world in order to change it."

So far American novelists of radical leanings can hardly be said to have struck great blows for revolution, and at this writing they seem further removed than ever from the political program of the official Communist party in America. Grace Lumpkin, whose *To Make My Bread* has won the largest radical acclaim of the year, is primarily a novelist rather than a dialectician. John Dos Passos's best passages are those in which he follows his nose, and they might be used as exhibits for any number of social programs. William Faulkner, whose understanding of the pitiful victims of a retrograde culture is the most profound in America, has no connection with political movements and so far has made no attempt to add a preachment to his macabre themes. Sherwood Anderson, whose protest against the machine has now veered around to a protest against the system which abuses the machine, shows in his latest novel, *Beyond Desire*, a continued preoccupation with frustration and sexual repression which reads like reports of the Winesburg, Ohio, epidemic moved south. Theodore Dreiser's proletarian sympathies have not been expressed in a novel since his visit to Russia, and one suspects that when they are he will write as an individual who is eager to rectify social abuses but who is hardly amenable to the special discipline which Communism demands.

Fielding Burke, whose sympathy with the workers was apparent in *Call Home the Heart*, cannot be said to have aided a political cause, while the novel which best portrays the condition of a certain phase of specialized labor, *Nobody Starves*, by Catherine Brody, has been criticized for its lack of a political message. Edward Dahlberg's city proletarian in *From Flushing to Calvary* is as real as they ever come, but the radicals say it lacks point. Michael Gold, whose *Jews Without Money* revealed the conditions under which some East Siders live, is active at present as editor and controversialist. Even V. F. Calverton, a pronounced radical critic, whose book, *The Liberation of American Literature*, takes its title from his conviction that America has thrown off both colonial dependence on English writing and bourgeois domination, thinks that a proletarian novel must be judged primarily as a work of art and so is being condemned as a "social fascist."

Yet this array of novels emphasizes one point — that an important part of American writing is concerned with the fortunes of the common man and the oppressed, the victim of economic distress, the product of social maladjustment. To chart his course, to explain his difficulty, is the motive behind these writings. The individual who could alter circumstance and force his way to his own profit moves into the background while the causes and influences which shape him, which make him undernourished, weak in vigor and will-power, acquire new meaning for the author. As our preoccupation with the mind of man, studied in a vacuum, diminishes, we become more aware of his surroundings. The younger writers, by the selection of exactly those points which will drive home their social convictions, are giving another lease of life to the social novel. This movement is well-established and the temper of the times favors its increasing popularity with the public. It does not suggest either academic restraint or romanticism; it is likely to be crude, and even unjust. Many of the authors are trying to be objective, but their selection augurs an attempt to color the picture. What counts is that they have plenty of vitality and no end of themes to exploit and that they come as a renewal of power, rather than as the end of a period.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ROCKS, EASTPORT

Courtesy of the Kennedy Gallery

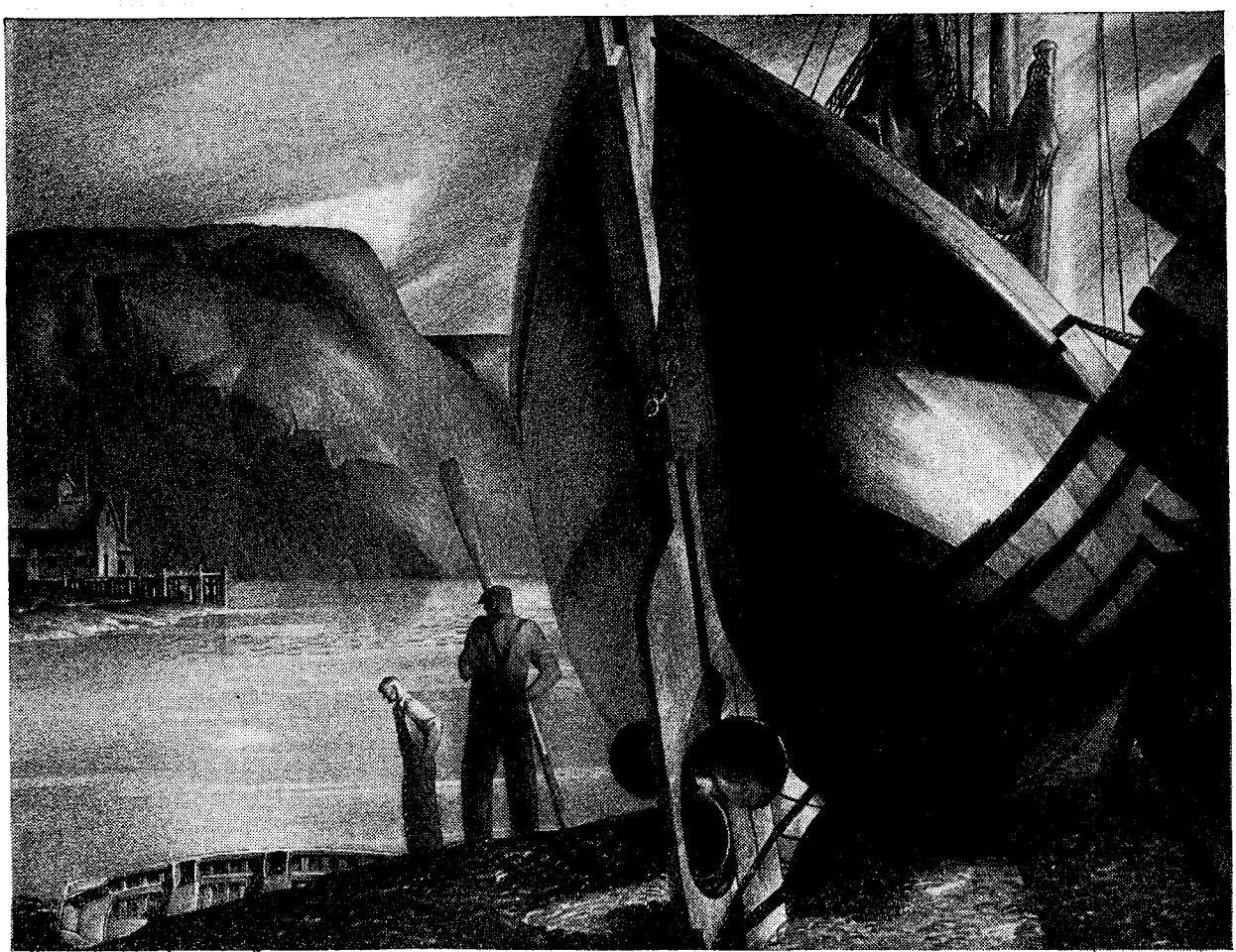
Along the Coast

Three Lithographs

by

STOW WENGENROTH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

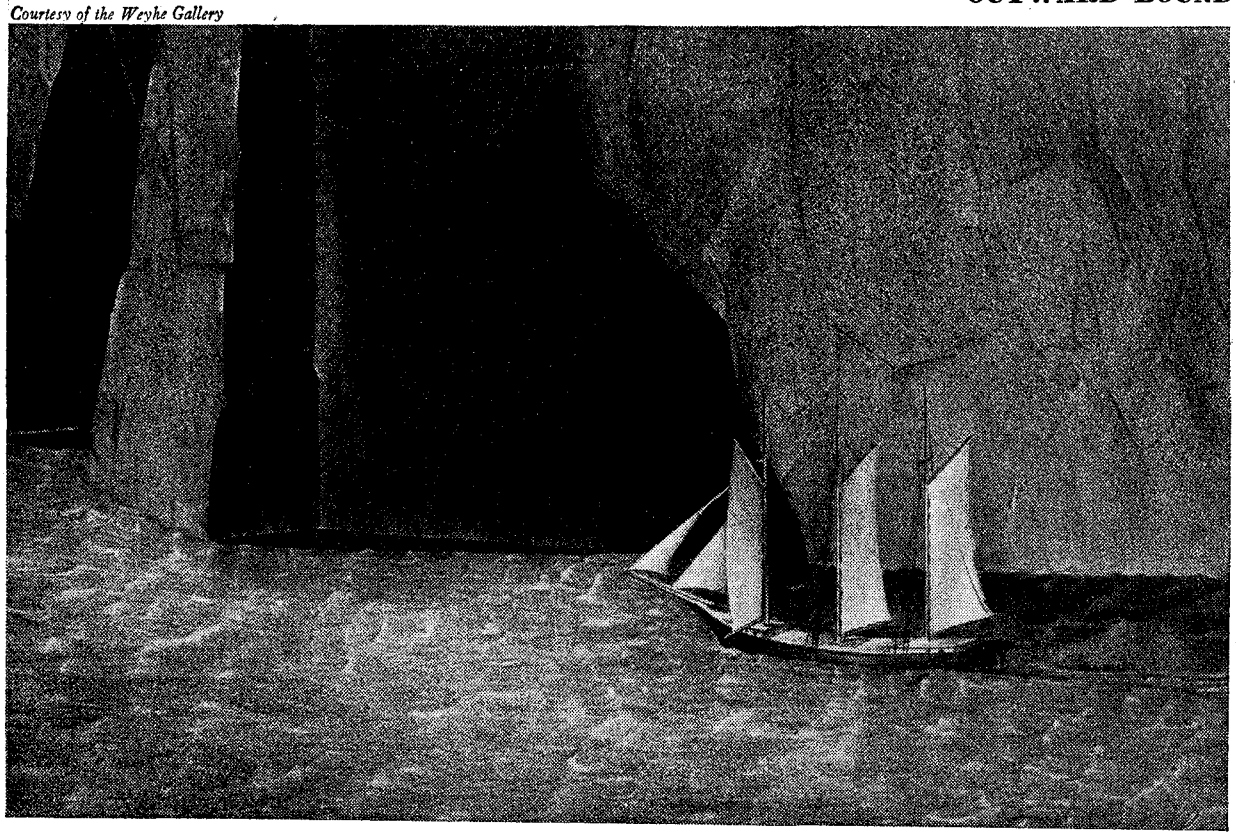


DARK HARBOR

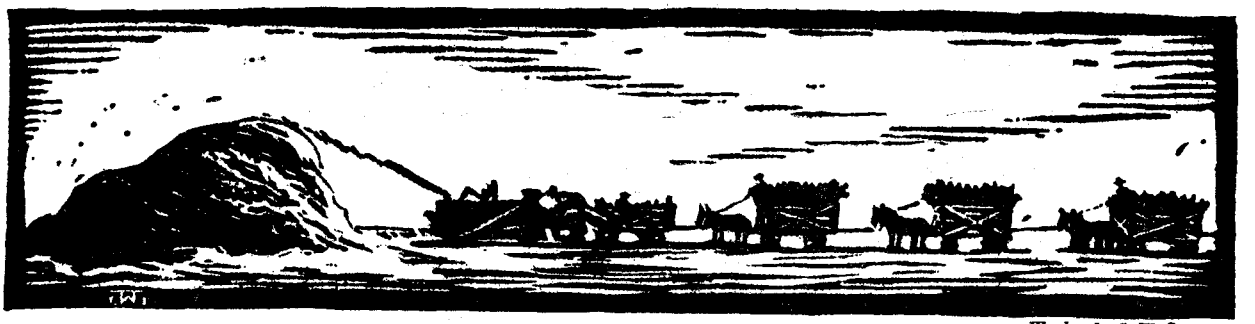
Courtesy of the Kennedy Gallery

OUTWARD BOUND

Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Woodcut by J. W. Gray, Jr.

Relief for the Farmer

by **HENRY A. WALLACE**

Warning of revolution in the farm belt unless Congress enacts aid for agriculture was served on a Senate committee recently by the heads of two big farm organizations. The domestic allotment bill, which they endorsed, and which the House has passed, is here explained by the editor of one of Iowa's largest farm papers. He has frequently been mentioned for the position of Secretary of Agriculture in the Roosevelt Cabinet.

THAT vital and necessary subject, farm relief, is never easy to understand. More complex than ever, but increasingly important because of the possibility that it will be transformed into law and affect us all, is its current form — the Jones "Domestic Allotment Plan" bill, which has been passed by the House of Representatives and at this writing is in the hands of the Senate Agricultural Committee awaiting the Senate's vote. "We all felt the need of aspirin," said one member of the perplexed committee after it had heard a two-hour explanation of the bill. With which warning, I begin; for though the plan is indeed intricate, its consequences are so far-reaching that it merits wide and popular discussion.

First, the purpose of the Domestic Allotment Plan. Largely stated it is relief — directly for the farmers and indirectly for industry and commerce. Farm buying power (which means the buying power of thirty million people) was moderately curtailed in the period 1921–1930, but the cities didn't mind that because the high wages paid to labor more than made up for the farmers' deficit. But in 1931 and 1932 the cities woke up to the fact that they could not indefinitely lift themselves by their own bootstraps. They could not lose both the foreign market and the farm market and hope to continue to prosper.

In 1930, chiefly because the United States stopped loaning money to an already interest-burdened Europe and partly because of the Farm Board's activities, enormous surpluses of wheat and cotton began to pile up in American warehouses. Prices fell to less than one-half of what anyone dreamed possible, and agricultural economists, who had been advocating farm relief measures for ten years, emphasized the need for an immediate remedy. Obviously the world which before the war had so easily purchased from us our enormous surplus of cotton, wheat, and lard because of the 200 million dollars in interest charges we owed could not continue indefinitely to purchase in the same free way when, after the war, the outside countries were supposed to pay us over 500 million dollars a year in interest charges. If the United States, because of her pioneer debtor psychology, insisted on maintaining and increasing tariffs, it obviously would be necessary to work out a plan for avoiding the production of unwieldy surpluses.

The Domestic Allotment Plan, in its present

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

form the result of several years' study on the part of several experts, accomplishes the objectives sought. Under its provisions, the farmer will not overproduce, and he will receive a fair price for what he does produce.

How the Plan Works

In theory, the Domestic Allotment Plan should pertain only to basic exportable agricultural products, of which there are four — namely, wheat, cotton, hogs, and tobacco. When the bill left the House Agricultural Committee only these four were included, but before its passage by the House peanuts, rice, and butterfat (*i.e.*, dairy products) were added.

Briefly, the plan provides that a tax be collected from the processors (millers, meat packers, refiners of the raw products) of these staple crops and that this tax be paid to those farmers who agree to reduce production. The tax is to be large enough so that the farmers will receive, on that portion of their product which goes into domestic consumption, a total price sufficient to give a unit of the product the same buying power, in terms of non-agricultural commodities, that it had in the 1910–1914 period. The tax collected from the processor will in the end largely be paid by the consumer, but in no case will the consumer pay the farmer more in proportion to other prices than he did before the war.

Perhaps the plan can be grasped more easily if we take a specific case. Consider John Smith, who has planted 100 acres to wheat for the last five years. To qualify for the benefits of the plan, which is of course not compulsory, Smith must agree to cut his acreage to 80 acres. Assuming that his yield is 20 bushels an acre, this will give him a production of 1600 bushels. At the present low world prices, he may get no more than 44 cents a bushel for this. But if his wheat is to have a pre-war purchasing power, he must get 94 cents for it. That amount is based on to-day's general price level for other commodities.

By the terms of the bill, not all of Smith's wheat is to be given this pre-war purchasing power. Only the portion of the crop used in the United States for human consumption is to be so treated. What percentage of his 1600 bushels is that? We export about 20 per cent of our wheat and use 15 per cent for seed and animal feed, so probably Smith is entitled to pre-war purchasing power on only 65 per cent of his total production, or 1040 bushels. On these 1040 bushels, therefore, he will be given allotment certificates worth 50 cents a bushel. To get this money, the Federal Government sees that the miller pays an equivalent tax on all wheat ground into flour. At the same time, the tariff is raised in order to keep out cheaper foreign wheat.

The original plan was to make the allotment certificates worth the amount of the tariff, or in the case of wheat, 42 cents. This was abandoned on the sensible ground that tariff rates on wheat and other crops with an exportable surplus had not been established scientifically and bore no relation to a just price.

It would be better, the framers of the allotment plan decided, to give wheat the same purchasing power it had at the pre-war level. As I have said, that meant a price of 94 cents a bushel, according to to-day's general price level. It meant similar increases on other commodities. Hogs would come up from $3 per 100 pounds to $7.67; cotton from 5 cents a pound to 13.7 cents; tobacco from 8.9 cents a pound to 11 cents. All of these prices are based on pre-war purchasing power with the exception of the cotton price. The boll weevil made the pre-war base unfair, and therefore for cotton the 1921–1929 period is used. On hogs, a somewhat complicated schedule based on the factory employment index is substituted for the pre-war figure for the first year or so.

Who Profits, and Who Pays?

What are the merits of the Allotment Plan? It promises to give the producers of the staples mentioned the equivalent of pre-war buying power for that part of their product consumed in the United States. It attacks directly the problem of cutting down the production of an exportable surplus for a European market that no longer will buy the old quantities at a good price. By increasing farm income, the plan will tend to stop foreclosures, melt frozen loans on farm property, and bring into being a new demand for all sorts of goods with a resulting stimulation of employment.

What are the objections? It has been charged that, since the tax will be passed on in part to the consumer, the cost of living will be increased. This is true enough. It is significant, however, that leaders of the American Federa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of Labor, representing a group markedly affected by increases in food costs, believes that the new jobs created by increased farm buying power will more than balance the increase in the cost of living. Moreover, the Federation agrees that the farmer is entitled to a fair wage and that, therefore, the Allotment Plan is sound if it has written into it protection for the consumer in the provision that the act cannot be used to get for the farmer more than the pre-war buying power of his crop.

And that provision *is* in the bill. By the terms of the plan, consumers cannot be forced to pay to the farmer a higher percentage of their income than they paid to him before the war. As soon as the market price of wheat goes up to the pre-war ratio, the tax is removed. There is only one-half cent's worth of wheat in a 16-ounce loaf of bread. Triple the price of wheat and you have added only a cent to the cost of the loaf. Double the present price of cotton and the price of a dollar cotton shirt would increase only two cents.

It must also be remembered that our unscientific distributing agencies have been unduly expensive, and that the tax involved in the Allotment Plan could be easily and properly absorbed by these agencies if they returned to the pre-war margin of profit between farm and retail prices. In 1913 bread prices were about the same as now, but wheat was more than twice as high. To-day the price of live hogs is 4 cents a pound lower than in 1913, but ham is actually higher by 7 cents a pound.

Objectors say that the Allotment Plan will be troublesome and expensive to administer. The bill limits administrative expense to 2½ per cent of the revenue derived from the tax on processors. This may not be enough. Without question, there will be plenty of complications and plenty of trouble regarding the details of the act.

Yet the measure has been simplified by the provision that the burden of proof is on the farmer who asks for allotment certificates. This is a lot easier than forcing the administrators to grant certificates except in cases where they have secured proof that the farmer has not qualified — that is, has not reduced his acreage. When the measure was first conceived, it was proposed that each individual farmer should indicate under oath the production on a given piece of land for a certain period of years and would promise to reduce his production of certain crops by a stated percentage. The farm leaders in simplifying the bill have eliminated contracts and meetings in advance. From the long point of view, some of us question the psychological wisdom of this, but from the standpoint of emergency it is doubtless wise.

An Artificial Device

The Allotment Plan, we are told, is an artificial and therefore a dangerous device for influencing prices. Actually it is as artificial as the tariff and as the federal programs to stimulate production during the war and to reclaim desert land before and since the war. It is an artificial device to correct the damage done by other artificial devices.

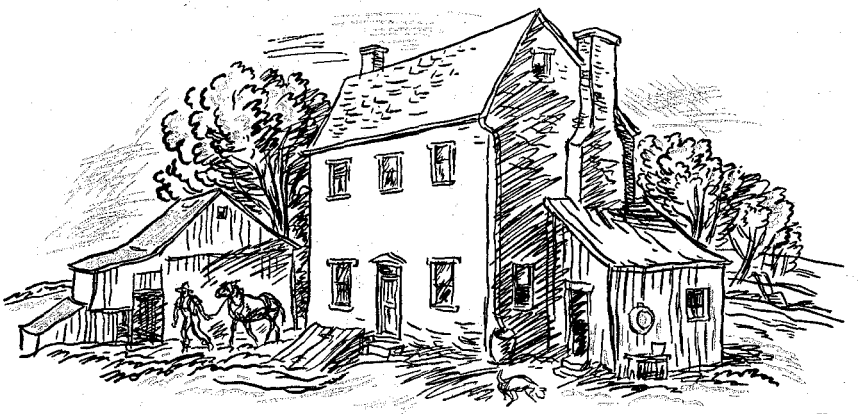
Some farmers join with urbanites in repudiating with horror the idea of reducing production at this time. They point out, very properly, that the world is full of hungry people and that the great quantities of surplus foodstuffs should be used to feed them. No supporter of the Allotment Plan will disagree with this as an ideal program. As our economic system works, however, it seems that the greater the surplus of wheat on Nebraska farms, the longer the bread lines in New York. In a complicated world system of exchange, it seems to be necessary to maintain a balance between different groups of producers if we are to avoid suffering. Our surpluses of food crops seem to have had as disastrous an effect upon national well-being as crop shortage used to have on the isolated communities of a simpler age.

The Allotment Plan is attempting a major social experiment. It is trying to subdue the habitual anarchy of a major American industry and to establish organized control in the interest not only of the farmer, but of everybody else. It should be remembered that continued low prices for farm products, as they result from present disorganized production, not only delay recovery from the present depression; they also expose the consumer to the danger that they will drive farmers off the land, decrease the agricultural production of the country, and in the end force the consumer to pay extremely high prices while the agricultural plant of the nation is being rebuilt. The consumer, as well as the farmer and business man, has everything to gain from a balanced relationship between agriculture and other groups.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Going, Going, Gone!

A Tour of the Blighted States



Drawings by Donald McKay

by **PAUL SIFTON**

CLASSIFIED AD IN JACKSONVILLE PAPER:—"*Work Wanted: want something to do; wages no object; tired of loafing.*"

SOLIDARITY FOREVER

SOUTH of Jacksonville, down into the fruit country of the Ridge, the low-lying watershed of Florida, empty trucks from the North prowl about, hunting bargains in oranges and grapefruit by the ton. The associations of citrus growers have called them a menace and demanded a united front against them. Steps should be taken to protect the Northern market. They talk about maintaining the quality and reputation of Florida oranges and grapefruit. But perhaps they mean prices. The associations, which have spent thousands of dollars in advertising and establishing trade names, contract with growers for the entire crop. The grower may not enter his own grove to pick a single orange or grapefruit. The association picks what it wants. The rest rots. The association's retail price is $3.50 a crate for first quality oranges, a little less for grapefruit, practically the same as the price in the New York market. Overripe or bruised fruit is sold at the packing houses for fifty cents a crate to those who will take it away. It won't stand transportation, so it is no danger to the precious Northern market, where children who need its vitamins and iron can have it only if their parents have the right amount of money to lay on the counter.

From Ocala south and east to Orlando and the fertile Indian River region, oranges and grapefruit hang heavy on the trees and cover the ground beneath.

Truckers have little trouble finding independent growers treacherous enough to fill their trucks at prices that leave plenty of margin for gas, oil, tires, and meals on the trip toward the frost-line and to undersell the advertised brands at the end of the run. Hundreds of trucks roar northward night and day, piled high with gleaming gold and yellow fruit. The retail prices at independent groves are fifty, seventy-five cents, and a dollar a crate.

The packers, the growers' associations, the railroads, and the newspapers say something should be done. The trucks are ruining the highways and bankrupting the railroads. They should be taxed out of the state. The growers should stand together. The future of Florida's greatest industry, the very backbone of its existence, is at stake. But growers continue to put up billboards on the main highways: "Truckers! Turn left ½ mile for oranges, grapefruit, tangerines! Good quality, low prices!" Florida's sealed sunshine is smuggled north to a few of those who need it. Enough oranges are left rotting on the ground to put color in the cheeks and strength in the bones of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thousands of children in the North who found an orange in their stockings on Christmas two or three or four or five years ago. But, as any citrus grower would tell you, it wouldn't pay. The fewer they ship the higher the price. That's business.

Eels in the Living Room

The rain kept up all day. At night the rain came in sheets and the wind blew. A hurricane bore down on the Gulf coast, roaring across from Alabama. It drove the salt water of the Gulf up the bayous and rivers, spreading it over the low-lying countryside. Palms whipped in crazy circles and heeled over into the Withlacoochee, the Suwanee, and the Crystal Rivers. Spanish oaks cracked and crashed across the flooded roads. Boats from the sponge fleet at Cedar Keys ran for shelter in the inlets. Families of Cracker fishermen and oyster pickers along the coast took to their small boats and bundled the babies in pieces of sailcloth.

At midnight a man in Yankeetown put his feet out of bed into six inches of water. He yelled to his wife. She sprang straight out of bed and went to get their four children and her best dresses. They waded to high ground. The man stayed to rescue a calf tied to a tree in the back yard and a hundred chickens imprisoned in the hen house. He took them to the two-story hotel nearby and came back with a neighbor to carry out the best pieces of furniture. His wife came too, to be sure they brought the new radio. The water in the living room was up to her waist. She said later she felt eels in the water. But she got the radio.

The wind eased at two o'clock in the morning. Half an hour later the water stopped rising, stood still, then started to go down. By daybreak the river was normal again. But the garden was ruined. The salt water had blighted the plants and was still in puddles here and there. The calf stood in the back yard and bawled. The four children stood in the front yard and boasted about eels in the living room. The man and his wife raked the débris off the grass and the garden. This time, they said, they *would* put the house up on a four-foot foundation.

Hot Spot

Miami is disgusted. It wouldn't be so bad if fewer people came down in the winter, if they had the proper attitude, but those who do come are a strange lot, mostly. They come for a few days, or a week or two, and they don't spend any money. They want everything for nothing. They don't appreciate Miami. Houses that used to rent for a thousand dollars a season and up are going begging. Hotels and boarding houses advertise frantically. "Rooms $1 a person." It's immoral. Along Biscayne Boulevard hundreds of boats are waiting to be chartered, everything from thirty-foot launches to palatial yachts. What do the people do? They strut along and just look at them. Window-shoppers, that's all. Who are these people, anyhow? They must have some money to get this far from home. But they don't spend it. The shopkeepers work the sidewalks, cajoling the visitors to buy. Damn them, just wait until good times come back!

The better people, those who could afford to come to Miami when money moved so fast it smoked, feel that they really don't care to come again until these grotesque persons, dredged up from Heaven only knows where, are again kept out of the city by the beautiful and inscrutable operations of economic law. They don't see how such people can survive another year of the Depression. Poor, dear old Miami! How it's changed!

It hasn't really, except for the shrieking sale and rent signs, the acres of second-hand cars, the empty stores and houses. From Miami Bay, the skyline is the same. A jazz band playing *Carmen* uses a cowbell to kid the Toreador song. Early Chicago, Middle Italian, and late Spanish architecture slapped together in a cluster of tall buildings, falling away precipitately to an indefinite hodge-podge of form and color. If a tenor should pop his head out of the nineteenth story of the bell tower and start singing *Miami Mad About You* to a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

soprano on the roof of a neighboring bank, it would seem quite all right and according to Shubert. It's all there, awaiting a new libretto. As the Shuberts will tell you, a good stage set never dies.

It may be argued, and the Miami *Herald* would be the first to say so, that this is not the real Miami, the city of quiet palm-fringed streets and homes where hundreds of thousands of respectable if somewhat elderly Americans live year after year. The answer to that is that Biscayne Boulevard is Miami as certainly as the Promenade des Anglais is Nice. The people in back and at each side don't exist. Nice is the product of centuries of compound interest politely on the loose; Miami is the relic of imaginary interest compounded centuries ahead.

Casey Jones, Realtor

Venice, halfway up the west coast of Florida, is a memorial to the iridescent dream of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. They got into the Great Development with both feet and up to their necks about the time the union's banking impresarios, watching the money roll in, were hunting earnestly for safe and profitable ways to roll it out again. Well, Venice is safe. It's still there. Only a high tide, a hurricane, or the termites can take it away. Its acres of landscaped ground, wide boulevards, three-story country houses lifted bodily from *The Ladies Home Journal*, and the arcaded business section are keyed to the same design. The engineers apparently put their money in the hands of a good architect and let him have his way. He got a lot of work done before the boom broke and the Brotherhood put on the brakes.

Most of the houses are vacant. Grass is growing in the window ledges. The stores are deserted. The bathhouse on the wide beach is dilapidated, wracked by Gulf storms. Holes are beginning to show in the pavement of the boulevards. To-day Venice is probably a fighting word in every roundhouse in America.

Still, as Arthur Brisbane, the most optimistic realtor of them all, says on his annual visit, Florida is bound to come back. Back to what? It's back to eggs at ten cents a dozen already.

Back to the Land

Starting below the Georgia line and running north along the highway are neat signs "Posted, H. P. Whitney," "Posted, Geo. F. Baker," and other less familiar names. It is a green land, gently rolling upward. Living seems easy. Good country for hunting. Negroes in neat cottages are spaced at intervals. Negro boys and girls are playing around a large brick school building. The roads are well-kept. The fences are painted. The woods and fields are looked after. "'Tis summer, the darkies are gay." By and by hard times? No, the Massa at the Big House still has money. Where it comes from makes no never-mind, not even if he's one of those New York banking gentlemen who lend money to the South to raise cotton to sell to the North at less than it costs to raise it. For mile after mile along this road it is apparent that Massa Baker and Massa Whitney have got what it takes and expect to have it for a long time to come.

It's startling to find the names of two of the richest families in America nailed up on trees a thousand miles away from Wall Street where their fortunes were accumulated and where their millions continue to breed thousands with the appalling precision of Ellis Parker Butler's guinea pigs. The discovery that plutocrats are also landed gentry makes them seem more permanent and elusive.

Most Popular Joke South of Atlanta

A Negro was trying to decide whether to plant cotton again, considering what he got for last year's work. His worry followed him to bed.

"Ah woke up 'bout two hours fo' daylight. De moon was bright in de yard outside. God was standing by mah bed.

"'God,' Ah says.

"God say, 'What?'

"'God,' Ah says, 'What'll Ah do about cotton?'

"God say, 'Cotton?' (Impossible to convey the affectionate bitterness a Southerner can put into that word "cotton.")

"'Yes, sah,' Ah says. 'Ah been studying what to do.'

"God say 'Hrumph!' Like dat. Den He say, 'Ah ain't telling nuffin dis yeah to nobody about cotton.'

"So me, Ah done wukked it out my own self: Ah ain't gwine to say 'Giddap' to a mule unless he's settin' in mah lap."

And that's the general inclination through-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out the South. But of course they go right on planting cotton. It is a habit, or helplessness and lack of knowledge as to how to go about planting anything else, that drives them to the fields again. Plus the fatalistic hunch that something may happen to lift cotton about five cents. A war, a shortage somewhere else — something's bound to happen. It has before.

(A New Jersey salvage broker has been holding four carloads of gauze bandages seven years, waiting for a good war.)

The Siege on Lookout Mountain

A quiet war of attrition is going on in this beautiful suburb, 2000 feet above the city of Chattanooga and the valley of the Tennessee River. Middle class families are being starved down to the penniless helplessness of the proletariat. Families of the Southern aristocracy are dropping plumb through the middle class to feverish juggling of checks from one bank to another, hunting stores where groceries can be charged. The fat of a hundred years is being fried out of them. They want to resist, to fight back, but how? How? Give them a lead, tell them how, and they'll fight like wildcats for their family name, their home, and their children. Meantime, they keep their heads down, aristocrats and middle class alike.

"It's complicated," said one who owns perhaps ten thousand acres of land, including part of a coal mine near Harlan, Kentucky. "It isn't temporary. It's a new phase."

His lips are pressed together, straight, tight, and pale. His mind and his feelings race a moment until he finds words. He skips the strikes, the massacres, the radical aid to the miners, the bombing of soup kitchens, the publicity given to the ejection from Harlan and Bell counties of radical sympathizers.

"Can you tell me how to mine coal at forty-one cents a ton? You can't dig dirt at that price."

He has made a big ellipsis, but the intensity of his feeling makes you follow him.

We drop down the steep corkscrew road into Chattanooga in the car of a business man who continues to go through the familiar motions at his office. There is no business, hasn't been for months. But his mind is busy, puzzling day and night over the problem of how to save his house from foreclosure. He drives in spurts, jumping from five to sixty-five miles an hour, the tires whining around the curves. He laughs like a boy at his passengers' death grip on blanket bar and seats. His faith is simple: whatever goes up must come down; whatever goes down must come up. It's the business cycle. He clings to that as to a life preserver. The trick is to hold on. Meantime, there's a hundred horsepower under his right foot, the Lookout Mountain road to coast and climb and some good beer to drink and a banjo to pick in a quiet place on the other side of town. But that damn foreclosure on his home. . . .

Hub-Deep in Arkansas

We were on the road from Memphis to Kansas City, via Jonesboro, Ark. Jonesboro is an island of prosperity subsisting on state institutions and completely surrounded by a poverty-stricken desert of overproductive land and bad roads.

Primitive roads aren't bad. Dirt roads, even of clay, aren't bad. On them you at least know where you are, or where you are likely to be in the next few seconds. But this road was bad in a particular way. It had started out to be a good road, perhaps the best road in the United States. It was, as nearly as we could calculate, eight traffic lanes wide. It had been laid in long straight lines, for speeding. The grading and shoulders had been done with professional skill and little thought for expense. On top of the road bed had been spread thousands of tons of cut stone.

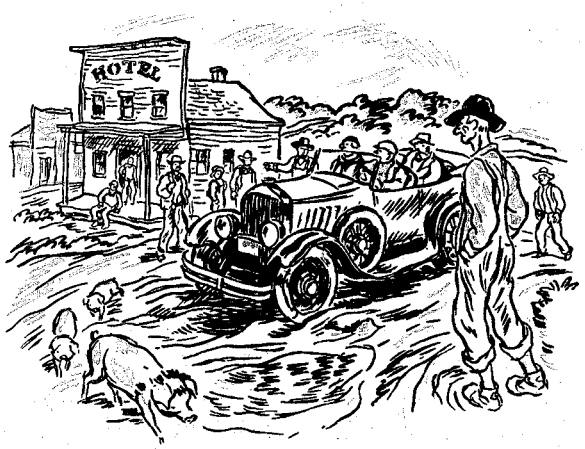
Then, apparently, something had happened. Perhaps it happened the day that Richard Whitney, floor trader for J. P. Morgan, stepped out on the floor of the Stock Exchange in far away New York and bravely bought Steel against a paper snowstorm of orders to sell. Perhaps it happened earlier, when the cotton growers and even the oil producers found they were getting less and less for more and more.

However and whenever it happened, here was a horizontal monument to Arkansas's punctured dream, a great highway on which her citizens were to have traveled to the promised land of silk and money, two-car garages, and chicken à la Maryland seven days a week. Mile after mile it went on, an automobile Gehenna of coarse stones, each with three or more sharp edges, lying in windrows, furrows, and waves, lengthwise and crosswise, waiting to stab and slash each passing tire.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Natives living at infrequent intervals along the road said it hadn't been touched by a grader for eight months. Why? The government had no money. They didn't use the road much anyway. Didn't pay because gas cost so much and they didn't have money to spend in town if they went there. Most everyone had jacked up his car or sold it.

We had been told we would find overnight cabins at the first fork north of Jonesboro. We rattled to a stop at a lonely gas station and grocery store to ask about cabins. The young man who turned off the radio and came out to fill our tank didn't know about that. No, he didn't know of any cabins on this road. Nothing this side of Egypt. It was getting dark.



Was there a hotel in Egypt? The young man considered the matter at some length. Yes, there was a hotel, he said.

I started the car. Poised for instant flight at about ten miles an hour, I ventured to let fly a criticism of Arkansas roads in general.

"Yes, sir," said the young man cheerfully. "Come a couple more years, we'll all be riding to town horseback — and a good thing, too!" he added as he hung up the hose on the gas pump.

We crawled on, ploughing through a morass of stones that rattled on our fenders. We passed fewer cars. A large proportion were drawn up at the side of the road. Not romance, just tire trouble.

A few miles farther on one of our rear tires blew out with a bang. By the light of the moon we put on the spare and continued the discussion of Arkansas. Before getting into the car again I went through the formality of touching the other tires. A front tire was flat, worn out; useless to put in another tube. And the first blowout had ripped a six-inch gash in the rear tire. We took off the front tire and rode four miles on a steel rim over a moonlit Arkansas road. The clatter must have roused the natives for miles on both sides of the right of way. Most of the population of Egypt was out to see us when we arrived.

The night in Egypt is best passed over briefly. A conference of Egyptians decided that, since a woman and child were in the party, the hotel was hardly advisable. We spent the night three in a bed in the home of the hotel-keeper. The bed had one quilt and one sheet. The charge was fifty cents, twice as much as the advertised tariff at the hotel. (Two sheets would have been worth a dollar.)

Next morning, while a mechanic was trying to bring the car back to normal, we asked him why Arkansas is that way about roads and other things.

"I guess it's because we drink stronger corn liquor and smoke longer cigars," he said.

A man who was trying to improve the ignition of a dilapidated truck loaded with railroad ties straightened up to look longingly at our license plate.

"I've been out of this state once," he announced. "If I ever get out again, I hope that God will give me the good sense to stay out."

One, two, three — unanimous. Arkansas is a state of mind. It feels inferior, can't get over it, makes no bones about it, lets everybody know. Durn near proud of it.

Old Missouri, Fair Missouri

Crossing the state line between Arkansas and Missouri is like crossing the railroad tracks in a small town. On one side are poverty, exploitation, and the acceptance of defeat; on the other side are comparative comfort, profit, and the feistiness of chronic success. The boundary between the two states is as sharply defined as the frontier between poor Italy and wealthy France. The difference is noticeable instantly in the fields, houses, barns, stores, and roads. In Arkansas, farming seems to be an unprofitable chore. A house is four walls holding up a roof against the weather. The road brings the tax assessor that much closer to the front door. In Missouri, farming seems to be a career. There is pride in it and, apparently, profit. Houses and barns and hog-tight fences are emblems of ability.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The roads are important. They are the rural Peacock Alleys where the best people strut their stuff, hauling crops to market, bringing home new machinery, light plants, bathtubs, radios, and bedsteads, and boring holes in the wind with shiny new automobiles on nights and Sundays.

Missouri has a genius for culture — agriculture. Its Cow College is, next to Wisconsin's, the best in the world. Its cultural influence extends clear down to the Arkansas line. You see it in the fat thoroughbred hogs and cattle in the pastures, in the pedigreed chicken farms, the orchards, the methodically diversified fields, the barns and outbuildings scientifically built and grouped at a decent distance from the houses.

Here, scattered evenly over hundreds of miles of rolling land, live a happy if somewhat unimaginative people. Times are hard, they say, crop prices are low, money is scarce, mortgage trouble is common, a practical moratorium is in force. But most of rural Missouri is eating three times a day. Hams are in the smoke-house, eggs in the pantry, cream and butter in the cellar, and the men and mules out in the fields, working with earth and rain and sun to raise the crops of another season. No need for imagination, no use getting morbid. The longer hard times last, the better off they'll be, compared with the idle millions in the cities. Livestock prices are going up already. If you ask, they quietly but proudly let you understand that they know they are pretty well off, everything considered. They are proud of Missouri. Not as Californians are proud. They don't shove their pride at you. But, if you ask them, they'll tell you "Missouri's not bad," characteristically understating the intense feeling that shines in their eyes and their wide smiles. They look at any license plate without deference or swagger.

Change the Name of Arkansas!

Missouri's well-being, as contrasted with Arkansas, may be explained in large part by the fact that Missouri is a doubtful state in politics. In city, county, state, and national elections there is real competition between the Republicans and Democrats. Consequently, whichever party gets in is forced to give the taxpayers more for their money for fear that the rival political machine will be given a chance in the next election. Arkansas is traditionally a one-party state. The political day of judgment is the Democratic primary. The voters are asked to choose among a swarm of office-seekers, many of whom may be in the race to divide the opposition to an experienced politician. The choices are not often brilliant. Senator Joe Robinson is the state's brightest star at the moment.

If it be assumed that one-party government is Arkansas's greatest curse, just as it has been Pennsylvania's, a person with nothing more immediate to think about will naturally try to find the abracadabra which will exorcise this evil spell. It is at once apparent that the Republican Party can never be popularized in Arkansas. It would take years to get a new party started. Belonging to the Democratic Party in Arkansas at the present time is like belonging to a church, only more so. Probably thousands of genuinely patriotic Arkansans have puzzled this far over the matter and given up. If they had taken a trip north into Missouri they might have found the answer.

Arkansas's salvation is obvious: simply petition for annexation to the State of Missouri. An apochryphal speech to the contrary notwithstanding, it would be easier to change the name of Arkansas than to reform its government and thereby revitalize the morale of its people. In a few years, the passing traveler could no longer tell by the scenery and the physical and mental posture of the people where a state line once divided the optimism of habitual success from the pessimism of chronic defeat.

High Finance

We stop at a small town to see a country editor. He used to be a big town reporter.

"Times are hard here," he says on the way from his office to his home.

We hit a bump.

"You've got a broken spring there," he says. (We have. It has been broken for a long time.) He's helpful and practical. "I'll take you down to a garage. Just let me handle it."

He handles it. On the way back to the house he explains.

"The garage owes me something for advertising. This is just fine! I'm glad I can give him a chance to work off some of it." We pay the editor instead of the garage. Everybody's satisfied.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The editor has a large family and a big house set in half an acre of shady yard. He explains that he is buying it instead of paying rent. The monthly payments are less than the rent of three small rooms in the city. His wife displays a new gas stove "bought with advertising" and a radio obtained in the same way.

"Perhaps we'll be able to get an electric refrigerator, too," she says. "We're working on that now."

She asks the editor to run downtown for more food. They confer about the right stores — the stores that advertise. The feature of the luncheon is steak and mushrooms. Afterward he urges us to take a shoebox full of walnuts.

"A farmer brought in a bushel to pay for his subscription — fifty cents' worth. He's going to pay the rest in sausage."

The editor and his family are living comfortably, better than they did in the big town. But for several months he has been unable to get together the final $20 payment on a set of new teeth. That, it is explained, is why he is so willing to give away the walnuts.

His wife has worked out an arrangement with the local beauty shop whereby a weekly two-inch ad pays for her shampoos, facial massages, and manicures. Daily this family performs an act of financial juggling which would make J. P. Morgan and all his partners nervous wrecks within a week.

Easing Them Out

Two oil companies were merged. The Kansas City branch of one was ordered closed. Officers of the surviving company came on from New York. They took the manager of the doomed branch into their confidence. They gave him the idea that they thought him a good fellow and a valuable executive. They assigned him the job of closing the plant, notifying the employees that they were fired. The manager did the dirty work for them. He said later that it was a tough job. At 10 o'clock Saturday morning he put the New York officials on the train for home. They shook hands with him and told him how much they appreciated his cooperation. At noon the manager's secretary handed him a letter telling him he was fired. Under the circumstances, he feels terribly hurt.

Headaches in Kalamazoo

East of Kalamazoo, a roadside lunch counter does a good business in Coca Cola and aspirin tablets. (Aspirin is on sale all over the country. Hot dog stands sell it as they sell cigarettes or gum. Manufacturers put it up in convenient little paper bags to sell for a dime or a nickel. Soda fountains in the South are kept busy setting out glasses of water and soft drinks to go with white pellets, presumably aspirin.)

"Some people stop here regularly, ask for a Coke, put a couple of aspirins in their mouth and drink it down. I guess it's a pick-up. It gives them a kick." The owner of the lunch counter disapproves, but business is business these days.

Not as many cars on the road as there used to be, not as many cars coming west from Detroit.

"Five thousand less automobile licenses taken out in Kalamazoo County this year," he says dispiritedly.

How many last year?

"Thirty-five thousand." Off one-seventh. Seven lean years — what did the boy at the gas station in Arkansas say about horses coming back?

Humorous Note

Fifty years ago, the *Star* remarks, the city was agog over a proposal to make several blocks now in the center of downtown Kansas City into a business district.

"That might not be a bad idea even to-day," is the columnist's comment, apparently written without consulting the paper's optimistic editor.

To Oregon, on "Furlough"

Business readjustments in Chicago are causing certain readjustments in Morgan Park. For instance, a Chicago electrical ma-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chinery company was recently merged with the largest corporation in that field. The offices were retained but some of the officials were eliminated. Others were given furloughs good for the duration of the depression. One was a resident of Morgan Park. He and his wife held a conference. To them, the furlough was a promise. They have faith in the future of electrical machinery. They counted their money. It wouldn't last long if they stayed in Morgan Park while he hunted another job. And he saw no chance of finding a job anywhere near as good as the one from which he had been furloughed. It would be silly to take a poor job, supposing he could find one. It might invalidate his furlough. So they decided to buy a second-hand car and go to Oregon, where they could live in a cabin on a ranch owned by the wife's brother. Their money would last a long time there, if they moved fast.

An insurance premium of $400 was due. They let it lapse. They found that the charges for storing their furniture would eat into their money. No, they wouldn't sell it. They'd need furniture when they came back. The wife asked a few of her friends if they would mind keeping the furniture for her, whatever they could use in their own homes — just for a few months, perhaps a year. She explained that she didn't want to dispose of it because it was all Early American, accumulated piece by piece since her marriage. The friends were delighted.

When they came to pick out "what they could use," she and her husband were very brave and gay and offhand about it, joking over the proposed trip as if it were a vacation. Not a word of complaint against the set of circumstances that was sending them to Oregon. No criticism of the merger. Instead, they displayed the "furlough" as if it were a certificate proving that they still belonged. The husband was valuable. He would get his job back when business picked up. They would come back to Morgan Park before long. The cabin on a ranch — that was just hard luck. Anyway, it would be fun for the boys. Grin and be a sport! "Going out to Oregon, with a furlough on my knee!"

Moral Lesson of the Depression

Another man, lean and cynical, has fallen into a job after two years of unemployment. He had sent his wife and children to her mother's home while he kept up the search for work. When his luck turned, he sent for them, rented a new ten-room house of brick and steel with a two-car garage in a shore suburb, took their furniture out of storage, bought some new pieces on time and, as he said, "started living again." The house was ridiculously cheap. The extra space in the garage is convenient when visitors come.

How long will the job last? He doesn't know. He doesn't hope for much. If it lasts a year, he'll think himself lucky. In the meantime, it's a break. He and his wife and the kids are going to have a few months of happiness anyway. Never mind about the future. Don't hold out on the money. Spend it while you've got it. Buy on credit when you can. He's been broke before. When you're broke, you're broke. All you do is go in debt, eat less, wear shabby clothes. Both he and his wife have a fatalistic feeling that things are going to get worse, that they are jinxed more than most people. Eat, drink, and make the kids happy, for to-morrow you may lose your job. They keep the radio turned on, they roll back the rugs and dance, they play bridge, they trim the lawn, they go driving. As Gertrude Stein would say, they are gay, they are regularly gay. In the morning they are gay, in the evening they are gay. Sometimes they are gayer than at other times, but at any time they are quite gay.

Soldiers who know that presently they will be sent back to the front are sometimes gay in much the same way.

Going, Going, Gone!

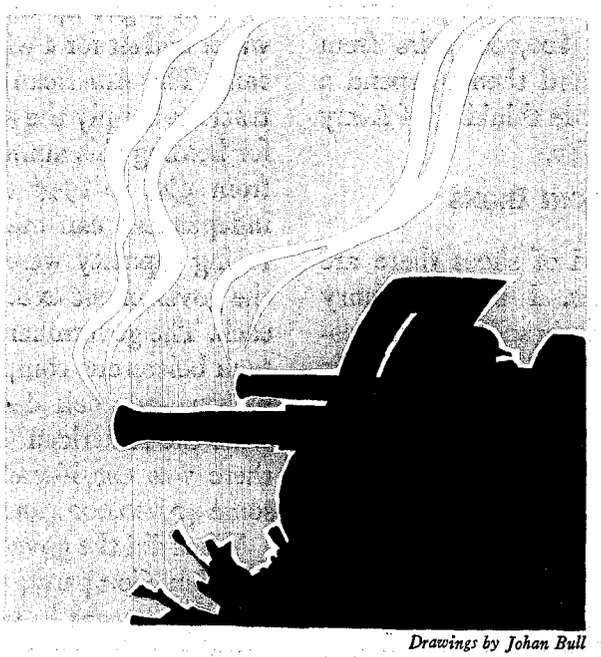
Signs of distress along the road become more frequent. "For Sale — 1 to 160 acres. Bargain." An old homestead on the block. Going, going, gone — what, no bids! Will some gentleman make an offer, any offer, for all or any part of this farm that has supported a family for four generations, sent its children to help in building the great cities, given its share in food and manpower in war and peace since the Northwest Territory was first opened to the pioneers? Gentlemen, gentlemen, please make an offer, if not for the 160 acres, then for one acre, something to pay the taxes, to satisfy the bank, to meet a few bills. No offer? Going, for the taxes. Going, for the mortgage. For the third and last time, do I hear an offer? Gone!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why Pay for a War?

by **T. SWANN HARDING**

Occasionally Rufus McCabe and I talk about the Great War. Rufe is a Veteran. He served eight days in a camp in Oregon and gets a total disability allowance. Now he is an electrician and makes rather a good living at it. His theory is that there is no reason to pay for a war; he simply cannot understand war debts. Here, he says, we insisted that several million men go out and murder and maim each other, destroying as much property as possible in the process, in order to accomplish what experts to-day agree was precisely nothing. At this work of destruction these millions of men were markedly successful. The killing and the property damage was accomplished. We borrowed the money to do all this from ourselves; why on earth should we foolishly go ahead and tax ourselves merely to pay ourselves back? It is utterly ridiculous.



Drawings by Johan Bull

At that point the conversation lags, because I am a person of small economic understanding and I have never been able to think of anything apposite to say at that point. I read in a late report from the Institute for Government Research that the total cost of the Great War to date — including all extra expenses and doles — is practically $38,000,000,000. Some of this is paid. A great deal of it the government owes to the people. The government has to pay this borrowed money back. In order to do that it taxes the people. Right there I lose track of things, because it does seem rather asinine to make the people pay themselves back in that cruel way when the whole business might, it seems, better be forgiven and forgotten.

At such moments as this deep gloom settles upon me and I begin to wonder how all that money was spent. These are days of great talk of government economy. It almost seems as if the salaries of underpaid government employees will soon be pared four or five million dollars in order that we may continue to pay three or four hundred million dollars annually to War Veterans who were not disabled in the Great War. For solace I fly sometimes to Report No. 1400 on "Expenditures in the Ordnance Department," made to the third session of the 66th Congress about March, 1921. For I like to read about Army shoes.

So I read that we ordered 41,100,152 pairs of shoes during the period of the war and 32,227,450 pairs were delivered. The total number of men in the Army was 3,513,837, though by no means that many were in service during the first several months of the disturbance. Accepting that large figure, however, this means 9 pairs of shoes for every man in the service. I like to think of our doughboys as biped centipedes — it is a difficult thought — crawling caterpillarlike over the shell-smitten landscape attempting to wear 9 pairs of shoes the while.

I read that there were heavy hobnailed shoes and chocolate-colored shoes and heavy field shoes without hobnails and shoes with the flesh side of the leather turned outward but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no hobnails. When the Armistice took place we were caught with 7,000,000 pairs of shoes on hand, including some 1,515,890 pairs of the heavy field shoes. It was found that 350,000 pairs of the chocolate-colored shoes were not being used, because the enlisted men did not like their looks, and because their color did not exactly match that of their uniforms. I like to think of our brave boys going over the top, mortified at approaching the enemy and possibly getting shot, in shoes that did not exactly match their uniforms.

There were also purchased 300,000 pairs of gymnasium shoes at a time when 2,496,715 pairs of such shoes were being held as "a reserve supply." No wonder we could not make all the shoes the army needed when it was obviously holding Olympic games while we thought it was in the trenches. No wonder we had to order 2,265,798 pairs of shoes from England and over a hundred thousand pairs from France, not to mention 800,000 pairs from Russia. Yes, I like now and then to spend a quiet evening by the fireside thinking of Army shoes during the Great War.

195,000 Branding Irons

When I get tired of shoes there are other interesting subjects. I believe Henry Moss & Company and their branding irons possibly amuse me very little less than shoes. This company contracted to supply the Army with 195,000 branding irons, and until after the Armistice the War Department owned 580,182 horses and mules of all kinds and 90,000 of these died. Fortunately the country was rendered notably safe from foreign invasion by reason of the fact that we had a branding iron for every three animals. Moreover, in purchasing these branding irons the government showed unusual solicitude about not defrauding the Henry Moss people.

There were four contracts for branding irons. But, true to America's high standards of efficiency, none were delivered before the Armistice. However, the contractor did purchase 79,952 pounds of copper to make them, and for this copper he claimed to have paid 39½¢ a pound. The contract specifications said cast copper. But when the time for settlement came the government suspiciously analyzed the copper, found it to be impure and worth only 11¢ a pound. Obviously the contractor was bound to be defrauded under those circumstances so the government got busy to do something to prevent that.

Having bought the copper at a rate of 39½¢ a pound the government very honorably sold it back to the manufacturer for 11¢ a pound, without thought of penalizing him. By odd mischance he had furnished 20,000 pounds more copper than the contract needed for its fulfillment. Something had to be done about that too. So the government did it. The government bought that 20,000 pounds of copper from the contractor also and then immediately sold it back to him at 11¢ a pound — having again paid 39½¢ for it. In short, this firm got in settlement at least $27,000 to which it was not entitled, but honor is something, and surely one would not want our government to charge a man 39½¢ a pound for impure copper that it knew analytically to be worth but 11¢.

Then I get up and take a drink of barley water and sit for a while thinking of hard bread cans. The American Can Company took contracts to supply the Army with 89,000,000 cans for holding this ammunition. The price ranged from 5 1/10 to 6½¢ each. At this time three independent can makers with large manufacturing capacity were trying frantically to sell the government exactly similar cans at 4 to 5¢ each. The government rightfully frowned upon such boisterous competitive American individualism and took delivery of 49,738,608 cans from the American Can Company. Obviously there was considerable tin plate left over, for some 40,000,000 cans remained in embryo.

What did the government do? It did right by the Can Company, of course. Tin plate had fallen 9 per cent in price, but the government permitted the company to keep the excess tin plate at only 68 per cent of its cost price. An independent producer of tin plate who wanted to cancel a contract to deliver tin plate to the American Can Company because the Armistice had intervened, was forced to deliver every pound. Tin plate valued at $867,732.37 was involved and the government managed to lose $165,705.56 more on it than it needed to have lost. It also sold tools and machinery to the company for $35,695.47 that cost it $165,705.56. As a whole, a subsidy or dole went to American business which amounted to a quarter of a million dollars and I do not understand that the manufacturers felt pauperized in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

process. I do not know that they complained about government extravagance or high taxes.

Army Antics

On other nights, usually when it rains, I meditate on House Report No. 816 on the "Expenditures in the War Department — Camps"; this reached the 66th Congress April 10, 1920, and is very interesting. I like to think of Walter Pickens (A. 208) who appeared to have sawed lumber at Camp Sherman. After he had sawed a great deal and piled it up they would permit it to lie on the piles a while and then "it was taken to the old canal bed and burned." He remarks, "One time they burned so much lumber they had to quit; they were afraid of burning up the cantonment. And then they hauled it to the river bed." I like to think of Walter helping us on to save democracy. As Leo M. Kellhoffer (A. 209–10) remarked, "Lumber kept piling up and piling up; after two or three days they had one pile they would burn, and then in two or three more days it would pile up and they would burn it again." You can't just let lumber pile up in that disordered way; you simply have to burn it and keep the place tidy to make room for more lumber piles.

I like to think of William Hatters (A. 121–2) who was a plumber at Camp Sherman. He remarks, "It took two fellows two days to cut two 2-inch pipes. I could have cut it in 10 minutes anyway. Both were drawing plumbers' pay of $8.25, so it cost the government $33 to cut two threads on a 2-inch pipe that ought to have been done in 10 minutes." I like to picture these plumbers patriotically threading pipes to lick the Huns. Then there is E. L. Benson (A. 270–1) who told how busy teams were kept at the camps. "They would haul material up to one end of the camp, and then there would be too much there, and they would haul it to the other end of the camp, and then there would be too much there and they would haul it some other place." Again I like this tidy sense of shipshapeness, this avoidance of mess and clutter.

Then I delight in George E. Cooper's (A. 196) story about the stoves and the trucks. It was such a pretty game — but let him tell it in his own inimitable way. "They would have three or four trucks doing nothing. They would load a furnace on one of those big trucks. They would send those big trucks up and I would send them back and they would send them back again. I did not have anything else for them to do. They would load a stove and ride around the camp and maybe go out and ride around the country with the truck." After a great deal of this sort of thing the House Committee wound up by saying that Article 3, Section 3, of the Constitution of the United States provides that — "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort."

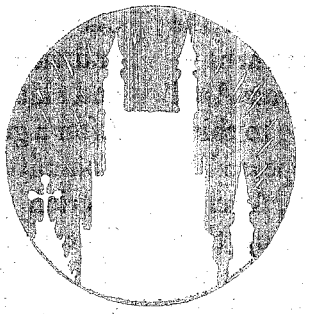
The suggestion then made is that it cost us some $22,000,000,000 to have our merry little war — the Army Ordnance Department alone made way with $5,879,508,656.02 — and that profiteering should be regarded as a form of treason. Here at least we have an accurate picture of private business working efficiently and enthusiastically to help the government win a war against a foreign power. This is the same private business that to-day desires the government to retrench its expenditures and to head sound business policy. Indeed, I think we have a glimpse here of the manner in which business would conduct government if it had the opportunity.

But Rufus McCabe stands unmoved by all this. He says we took our fun where we found it and had a merry time raising the devil, killing, looting, destroying, and defrauding each other. We owe our fun to ourselves. We told our government to sell us bonds in order to enable us to loan it the money to finance the joyful prank we decided to play on Germany. Then we simply let loose and had one grand and glorious time. We had given the government the money, and the government had shot it off like firecrackers. What possible reason or sense is there to this process of now requesting the government to raise our taxes in order that it may take many billions more from us and then use them to pay us back for the money we loaned it to make war upon? As I say, I lose track of things there, being a person of mean economic understanding. Maybe you can see some sense to it yourself.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Civil War in the Church

Religion's Inner Conflict



by **PAUL HUTCHINSON**

I

In two previous articles (Forum for January and February) I have suggested that it is impossible for Western religion to continue as a favored institution protected by the Western state or supported by Western society if it insists that such qualities as love, meekness, forgiveness, self-sacrifice, and the supreme worth of the individual shall be treated as actual controls of conduct. "There is dynamite in the New Testament," said James Russell Lowell a good many years ago. This is it. Neither state nor society, as they now are, could survive in the event that the people who are in the churches began to take these ideals seriously. That is why, as soon as there begins a move in that direction, tension is created — the ordeal with which this series of articles deals.

This ordeal will reach its most bitter and tragic form in the civil war that is coming within religion's own ranks. The same processes of historical investigation and social transformation that have made it impossible for Western religion to live longer at peace with the Western state and Western society make it impossible to live longer at peace with its own creeds. These formulations of dogma are everywhere — except in those churches where discipline still holds the process in check — undergoing a new examination. The demand for restatement has become so widespread that there is to-day, outside the Roman Catholic church, a World Conference on Faith and Order, with a permanent secretariat and a machinery of operation that compares with that of the League of Nations, trying to translate the dogmatic inheritances borne by all the churches into some sort of formulation that will be tolerable to the religious mind of the present. But the process of restatement has not, so far, yielded impressive results. Many are beginning to suspect that these formulas of the past do not so much require restatement as abandonment.

A few years ago Mr. David Lloyd George was waited on by a delegation of American members of the communion of which he is a member to invite him to attend some sort of denominational gathering in this country. "Yes," said the then prime minister, "I am a member of one of the two branches of our church. And I know that these two branches are divided over the question as to whether a man is baptized *for* the remission of sins or *on account of* the remission of sins. I myself feel very deeply on that question. When I was a young man I became fully convinced that our branch of the church was in the right on that argument, and I came to believe it so passionately that I would gladly have laid down my life for my faith. But for the life of me," he continued after a stage pause, "I cannot remember now which side it was that our branch was on!"

This was, of course, only the facile wit of the politician, but it reflected fairly the common mind in the churches. A great part of the laity to-day regards creedal differences as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

immaterial, and is therefore inclined to chuck the whole business of church divisions, since these have resulted, in theory at least, from these differences in dogma.

The clerical desire to escape the issue of the church's own creeds is frequently seen operating in the act which is most wholly reserved to the ministry — ordination. All the churches have some form of examination for candidates for orders. In the case of churches with a tradition of theological straitness, but which require a public examination of their clerical candidates, these examinations have frequently degenerated, in recent years, into contests in verbal dexterity. Certain theological seminaries, regarded as "unsound" by the champions of orthodoxy, have been accused of holding special coaching sessions for their graduates, preparing them for the verbal trick of satisfying conservative catechizers while not entirely stultifying their own conscience. I am prepared to accept the justification usually advanced for such a course, but that does not alter the fact that attendants at ordination examinations have often had cause to marvel at the agility of young fellows who sought to gain entrance to the sacred calling by making replies that they knew would mean one thing to themselves and another to their questioners.

When that sort of thing is pointed out the clerical reply is that creedal formulas and dogmatic postulates must always be subject to "interpretation"; that they never can mean precisely the same thing to any two people, let alone to any two generations or centuries, because they are not to be understood literally but as symbols. Good enough. But it will generally be found, on pressing the point, that what is meant is that they are to be regarded as a combination of symbolisms and literalisms, with the majority mood of the moment determining how much shall be taken as literal and how much as symbol.

And when once that distinction is made — if ever — the cleric still does not find himself out of trouble. For then, under the pressure of our contemporary thinking, the further question arises: What is the meaning of the symbol?

II

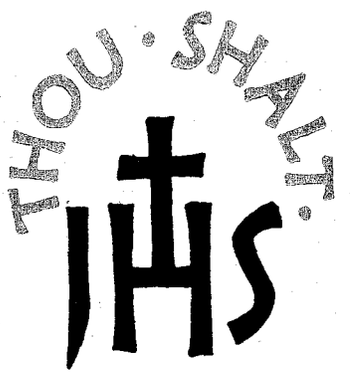
THE GREAT difficulty that I find in treating this intellectual tension within the ranks of religion is caused by the superabundance of the material available. One might take up almost any of the dogmas that were accepted with practical unanimity fifty years ago and find that, when these are put forward to-day in quarters where modern scientific ideas form the medium of mental exchange, an inner conflict of disquieting portent for religion inevitably develops. Western churches everywhere are filled with people who are there because of a haunting sense of need for replenishment from some source outside the objective phenomena of life, but who reject as untrue or irrelevant those formulations of belief to which the churches point as evidence of their spiritual competency.

By way of illustration, consider the dogma of the uniqueness of Christianity as a supernatural religion revealed by God. It is not unfair to claim that, fifty years ago, this was a dogma so little questioned as to be a mark of Western religion under *all* its forms. And it is still true that an overwhelming majority of all the churches, Catholic and Protestant, would maintain the claim with unabated vigor. But there has come into the field of education a new discipline, to which has been given the name "Comparative Religions." The results of this study, which is to-day a part of the curriculum of most theological seminaries, have been devastating to this fundamental dogma of the Western churches. To put it briefly, the thing that has happened has been this: Seen as part of a social process that has gone on among all races, Christianity has ceased to be "the" faith — or "the true" faith — and become "a" faith. And the clergy who are bewailing the slackening of churchly authority have not yet begun to understand all that is involved for their institution in that change.

One indication of the sort of result that must be expected will be found in the report of the Appraisal Commission of the Laymen's Foreign Missions Inquiry — a document, published as a book under the title, *Re-Thinking Missions*, which is at present stirring up a storm within the Protestant churches. This commission tells the Christians of the West that the future of the once challenged faiths of the East is to be a "continued coexistence with Christianity, each stimulating the other in growth toward the ultimate goal, unity in the completest truth." There is not only a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tolerance in such a statement that would be impossible in the case of a "true" faith confronting "false" ones, but there is a suggestion that Christianity is but one among many religions, all struggling onward in some sort of evolutionary process toward an eventual synthesis of truth. The General Council of the Presbyterian church immediately branded this report, so far as its conception of the dogmatic position of Christianity is concerned, as "a denial of evangelical Christianity." I believe that most communions would agree, although some of them might draw back from so blunt a form of statement. But the fact that a commission of such prominence could render such a report, which could be received with respect and approval in many quarters, serves to show — and the more plainly against the forthrightness of this Presbyterian disclaimer — the reality of the tension that has developed over this once uncontested dogma.



Another illustration that immediately comes to mind concerns the fate of the dogma of scriptural inerrancy. It will be sufficient here merely to point out that every important dogmatic claim held within every communion, whether Roman, Orthodox, or Protestant, declares that it rests on some textual authority in a divinely inspired scripture. And the process of historical criticism, which has overthrown both theories of inspiration and security of texts, now makes the resort to proof-texts as irrelevant to the modern mind as would be a resort to the divination of entrails. Here again, great portions of Western Christianity still make of this a bitter struggle. But the intellectual battle, despite all denials, is over.

III

For a final illustration, consider the altered status of another creedal affirmation that is still maintained by all but an inconsiderable minority of Western churches — the doctrine of the Trinity. I doubt whether any of us can read the history of the struggle that developed when the Unitarian movement began to gather importance in New England, and later on the midwestern frontier, without finding it hard to believe that any such heat and bitterness could have been engendered. To this day, however, there are many American communities in which a Unitarian minister will not be admitted to the professional organizations of his trinitarian brethren, while such a national body as the Y. M. C. A. spends endless time fussing about the degree of trinitarian orthodoxy that must be required of its proselytes.

The plain fact of the matter is that trinitarian orthodoxy — except as an empty creedalism — is dead in wide regions. If there are those who do not realize the extent to which this supposedly vital dogma has been undermined, let them ask the next cleric who comes along what he actually means when he affirms his belief in a Third Person in the Godhead, the Holy Ghost. Many, it can be confidently predicted, will refuse so much as to attempt an answer. Others, making the attempt, will, with a little questioning, become involved in wild confusion and contradiction. Still others, falling back on the verbiage of their theological textbooks, will roll off sonorous periods about "a social life in the Godhead," or "the persistence of the Divine Urge," or a lot more of this sort of thing.

Yet the history of Western religion is studded with the sight of men butchering each other over this dogma of the Trinity!

Now it should be said at once that this test I have proposed would not work if the clergyman questioned should be under orders in the Lutheran, the Roman Catholic, or the Southern Baptist communions. Ministers of these churches — and of some others having the same general characteristics — will have pat answers ready for questions concerning any dogmatic or creedal assertion. In the case of the Baptists, the reason is largely social, as it is in that of some varieties of Lutheranism. That is, the supporting community itself has not yet been vitally penetrated by the modern educational process of which the historical criticism of religious material is a part. But in the case of the Roman Catholic church we have the principal example of the attempt to escape this ordeal by the imposition of an iron discipline. But those with an historical sense of the response of all institutions to their social en-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vironment may be permitted a question as to how long this discipline can be maintained.

IV

Two questions lie at the heart of this whole struggle. Western religion is being thrust into its most severe internal ordeal as it is called on to define in new terms its relation to Jesus of Nazareth and its belief in God. I submit that when the ordeal penetrates to this depth, it has reached rock bottom. But this depth it has reached, vehement as many of the defenders of the established religious order will appear in denying it.

Let us begin by considering the present position of Western religion on the significance of Jesus. The issue is so extremely delicate that one hesitates to deal with it in the non-technical language of a general publication. But it cannot be dodged. I have already said that the old trinitarian theology has become impossible for large numbers of churchmen. Obviously, that means that the effort to keep vitality in the phrases of the creed — "very God of very God, begotten, not made, of the same substance with the Father" — involves these people in a species of "interpretation" that finally refines reality into thin air. Any considerable reading of current religious literature will show that, so far as the conspicuous theologians and preachers of the liberal American Protestant churches are concerned, their effort to define what is meant by the "deity" or the "divinity" of the Founder of Christianity has almost abandoned the metaphysical approach. Instead, there is resort to phrases asserting that, to the believer, Jesus *reveals* God, or that Jesus gives the idea of God ethical content, or that in Jesus the summation of divine attributes has become incarnate. Or expressions of a similar sort.

Now, for the purpose of making religion a help in the solution of the spiritual problems of contemporary men this may be all to the good. I believe it is. But nothing is gained by trying to minimize the extent and importance of the change that has occurred between the time when the urge in men's souls impelled them to cry out the stupendous affirmations of the Nicene creed and the time when spiritual leadership contents itself with saying, "Well, at least we may say that Jesus reveals what God must be like." And still less is spiritual good faith served by trying to make it appear that the two formulas are, after all, one. They are not. Why not be honest about it?

The difficulty here may be metaphysical, but it grows out of this process of historical criticism to which such frequent reference has been made. The effort to strip away the accretions of the centuries and to recover the historical realities concerning the Nazarene is not a new one. But within the last few years it has taken on a new intensity and followed new paths. I have already said that I hold the main agent in bringing this to pass to have been Western Protestantism's most famous living saint, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, who published his *Quest of the Historical Jesus* in 1910. He declared then that his "quest" had led him to a Jesus who was the complete child of his age and of the restricted environment of his nativity, whose whole thought was colored by the illusions of a long since outmoded eschatology. To put it in the sort of language that theological discussion generally eschews, Schweitzer's Jesus turned out to be mistaken about a number of things because he believed a number of things that were not, and are not, so.

Does it need much explanation to make clear why, within the churches, a struggle became inevitable from the moment when intelligent piety began to admit the possibility of a limited, and even in some particulars mistaken, outlook on the part of Christianity's Founder? For the process, once so large a gap had been broken in tradition's wall, has been along two lines of advance. It has been toward an increasing appreciation of the questionable historicity of the documents on which Christianity has founded its theological structures, and toward an increasing appreciation of the narrowing process visited upon Jesus by the date and locality of his career.

To anyone who desires to see the sort of result to which this process has led, let me recommend a single book, *Jesus Through the Centuries*, by Shirley Jackson Case, one of the most distinguished theological professors in the West. This book attempts to sum up the results of the historical scholarship when applied to Jesus. What sort of figure emerges? "There are clear evidences in the historical records," says Professor Case, "that he held opinions and entertained attitudes that do

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not approve themselves to us as suitable for our day. . . . We prize the injunctions of Jesus as stimuli but not as ultimate goals. . . . The problem of adjusting individual conduct to the necessities of social environment in a modern age cannot be solved by imitating an ancient pattern. A different line of action to-day amply justifies itself in the sincerity and judgment of honest and intelligent people, who may at the same time genuinely admire the sincerity of Jesus and grant the full propriety of his speaking and acting as he did within the particular situation where he lived and in the light of his beliefs about the future."

This is, I admit, an extreme statement of the results of the historical study of Western religion's Founder. Yet the *process* that led to this result is now generally accepted by the progressive wing in Protestantism, so that the results differ only in degree and not in kind. But if these results are not at war with the historic dogmas of Western religion, then words have lost their meaning!

Consider, for a moment, an article by a member of what is probably the most distinguished theological faculty in the United States, Professor A. Bruce Curry of Union Theological Seminary, New York. It appeared in *The Christian Century*, and its mere title, "How Far May Christians Diverge from Jesus?" tells a great deal as to the ordeal confronting church dogma. In this article Professor Curry outlines four positions toward the authoritativeness of the teachings of Jesus which he believes may be adopted by the educated man with some logical constituency. Without bothering with the first three, none of which satisfy him, let me quote from the fourth, which evidently embodies the position of Professor Curry:

> "He (the modern Christian) may develop his religious thought, philosophy, and experience in the light of the best knowledge and insight of himself and his spiritual kindred, past and present. Where he finds himself indebted to Jesus or to later Christianity he will be glad to make acknowledgement of the fact. But he will be under no initial obligations to align his faith with that of Jesus, or with anyone else in the Christian tradition. Nor will he feel that he must impress Jesus into the service and support of his own developing religion. He will recognize that the basis of authority has shifted to the informed insight of the best qualified individuals and groups. And he will welcome in organized fellowship anyone who sincerely seeks truth and life-at-its-highest. Whether this man can then be called a 'Christian' is a serious question. (*Sic!*) Perhaps he should be so accepted if he confessed that the major contribution to his experience and faith came from Jesus, making Jesus still 'the Master.' For many, this seems to be the only position which makes full place for truth and leaves some place for Jesus."

"Leaves *some* place for Jesus"! Can there be any so blind as not to see that a religion which still attempts to define its relation to its Founder, officially, in the *homoousian* terms of Nicea, while its scholars define their relation to that Founder, actually, in such terms as I have quoted, is in for a period of inner stress so violent as to preclude intelligent prophecy regarding the outcome? Realizing this, the school of European theology at the moment most popular — the "crisis" theology of Karl Barth — rejects the claim that the "Jesus of history" has any religious importance whatever, and insists that the only purpose of the New Testament documents is to present a "Christ of faith" who is a metaphysical Being. This school hoots out of court the idea that the historical Jesus held any "principles" which can to-day be discerned or, if discerned, could be applied without reducing the applicants to what its spokesman, Professor H. Emil Brunner of Zurich, has called "a protesting rump of visionary fanatics."

Well, that is one way of "saving" the Founder of Western religion from the effects of historical study. But how much, in the long run, does it save?

V

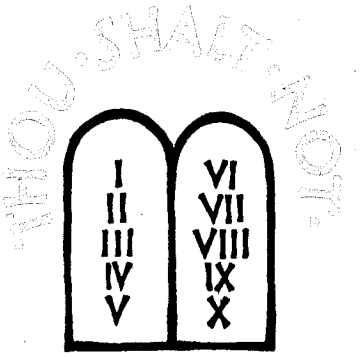
But we have yet to measure the full extent of this inner ordeal. In many quarters, it must be acknowledged, the belief in a theistic interpretation of the universe is being attacked with a vehemence hitherto unknown, and devoted souls who claim to speak in behalf of the preservation of religion declare that the thing most needed now is to rid religion of the incubus of God! To set the spirits of men free, let the idea of God be relegated to the dust-heap of the race!

The issue became inevitable with the passing of the old supernaturalism. The old categories of theistic argument, which sought for a First Cause by various avenues of speculation, have become largely irrelevant to those whose idea of the universe has been transformed from an enclosed territory to a cosmic stream. Probably a majority of those who grasp the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

essential meaning of what the physicists and the biologists are saying to-day walk off our college campuses quite indifferent to questions concerning beginnings and endings. So completely has the intellectual climate changed that, in many a faculty club and among groups of urban sophisticates, the mere attempt to maintain that the informed mind can, and will, go on believing in God seems usually to be greeted with amazement.

In the United States, the most important attack on the theistic position is that which goes under the name of humanism. (Religious humanism, be it understood; not the Paul Elmer More-Irving Babbitt literary brand.) Here, under the plea of protecting the interests of religion itself, there is rejection of the idea of an objective reality called God. Mr. Lippmann, with his plea for a stoic "high religion," has given this point of view widest circulation. Professor Max Carl Otto, of the University of Wisconsin, its leading philosophic champion, upholds what he calls "an affirmative faith in the non-existence of God," with a compensating belief in "the self-sufficiency of man." To me, it is even more a portent that the clearest religious presentation of the argument has come from a professor of comparative religions, Dr. A. Eustace Haydon of the divinity school of the University of Chicago.



Within the religious community, it does not seem to me that the humanists are making rapid progress. The movement showed more assertiveness — if not more actual influence — four or five years ago than it does at the present moment. Perhaps the fourth year of the depression is not a favorable time in which to preach the self-sufficiency of man. But the present resurgence of theism, if such it can be called, is being gained by resort to arguments that involve hardly less conflict with the dogmatic orthodoxies of the churches than would a complete rejection of theism.

The situation is caught in a nutshell in a new book, *Is There a God?* which is a reprint of a debate originally published in *The Christian Century*. The debaters were Professor Otto, Professor Douglas Clyde Macintosh of Yale, and Professor Henry Nelson Wieman of Chicago. It will be found that both the theists in this argument shy away from all questions as to whether or not God is a person, and that Professor Wieman is clear in his definition of God as a process. Even so traditionally disciplined a theologian as Dr. Macintosh, while insisting that he believes in "a superhuman spiritual Being, an essentially personal cosmic power, an intelligent loving moral mind and will," finds himself saying, "The God we know thus scientifically (*sic!*) is, whether personal, impersonal, or superpersonal, and whether one or more than one . . ." Surely there is enough uncertainty in the second statement to make the first seem largely a matter of the theologian's desire to believe.

Professor Wieman, whose "minimum definition" of God as that upon which we depend for life's highest values is being seized on in many quarters as a starting point for a theism consonant with modern thought, is even more specific. Rather than intending a static entity of some kind, he crisply says that when he speaks of God he has in mind the "process of growing good," and that we men "find God only when we are caught up into this creative process of associated living and are used by it, enriched and transfigured by it." Dr. Wieman dismisses the whole question as to the personality of God by declaring that "I deny personality to God, not by subtraction, but by addition." Just what that means, in terms of conceivable concepts, I confess is vague to me.

The value in this shifting of the approach from description to definition of deity is clear. But how about the difficulty? On the one hand, there is that with which this article has specifically to deal. How is such a definition of God in terms of process to be reconciled with the older orthodoxies? In what possible way can the creeds and catechisms and articles of religion and all the other foundation stones of the past be held identical with the thought of a scholarship which says that when you have disclosed "that process of interaction which develops individuality to the highest and at the same time makes each individual most contributory to the total community" you have discovered God?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the other hand, there is the difficulty involved in making any such definition of deity hold either positive or arousing values for the purposes of popular religion. Because that is not our immediate problem, I pass it by, pausing only to quote the words which H. G. Wells put into the mouth of William Clissold after reading the theism of Harvard's famous Professor A. N. Whitehead: "The mystical God of force and substance — if I may use the word 'God' for so remote a conception — to whom the endless winding staircase of molecular science mounts forever and never attains, is, I feel, no priest's God of sentiment and morality, no friend of man and pitiful judge of our peccadillos, but a God of austere complexity, a God of variable and evasive rhythms and unfathomable intricacy, the God of a philosophical mathematician."

Professor Wieman may hope to escape this sense of remoteness by finding his God in the process of building good among men, but one still doubts whether his God, defined as "that interaction between individuals, groups and ages which generates and promotes the greatest mutuality of good," is a concept which has in it the elements which will send the members of this bewildered and buffeted generation back to their knees.

VI

It can be anticipated that exception will be taken to the assertion that the church is at war with such of its own dogmas as I have named. The very vehemence of the denial is one measure of the reality of the ordeal. Certain ecclesiastical areas are less affected than others, because of the theological discipline to which they are still subject. But as the content and effect of modern education is diffused, these tenets which I have treated — and I think that the reader will agree that they have been basically important in the past history of the churches — will find themselves under increasing shock.

Often this shock will come from unexpected quarters. At the moment of writing, as I have said, it is coming from the report on missionary work prepared by a special commission for a group of laymen who were anxious to know where the church stands to-day and willing to put up the money to find out. This report recommends drastic changes in missionary method, but the thing that has jolted — no other verb will suffice — the churches is the abandonment of such familiar dogmatic ideas as the "heathen" character of other faiths, the necessity for Christian conversion as a means to salvation, and the whole soteriology on which the missionary enterprise was launched. Since it has been these very ideas that have sent devoted evangels hastening to the ends of the earth, is it any wonder that church bodies are expressing their disagreement?

The fifteen commissioners who drew up this report were all representative of the thought current in collegiate circles. What they think, as regards religious dogma, is still the thought of a minority. But the thought which the educator of to-day holds as his own minority opinion will to-morrow be multiplied many times as the possession of his disciples. I am continually being astonished by the failure of church leaders to discover the extent to which this displacement of dogmatic ideas has already progressed, or the influence which the process is having.

So, within its own life, as much as in its relations with the Western state and Western society, Western religion is moving into a period of terrific stress. An honest relationship with the minds of its own adherents involves frank dealing with these dogmatic issues; it should bring candid statement of the resulting modifications of doctrine. Mr. Wells has said that the churches cannot speak frankly on these issues without destroying themselves. I do not believe that, although it is a verdict I cannot now attempt to review. But of this I am certain: Without some perfectly plain speaking at this point, vast numbers who remain within the churches will be sufficiently aware of the intellectual situation to be forced to conclude that the communions are attempting to dodge where they are not competent to compel conviction. As between the peril which Mr. Wells foresees and the peril involved in repelling the believer's mind, Western religion may find it hard to make a choice. Both choices may involve death — but there is a resurrection for that death which is heroic.

This Series of Articles by Paul Hutchinson Will Be Concluded Next Month.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Visiting in the Deepo

Drawings by James Daugherty

by **DORA AYDELOTTE**

I

"I FETCHED a letter for your Ma." Lodie Green, your Pa's new hired man, was just back from town with the binder twine and plug tobacco Pa sent him after. He squinted and felt in his overall pockets. "Here 'tis." Your brother Jimmie tried to grab it but you wouldn't let him. So he ran ahead yelling, "Ma — O Ma, you got a letter!"

Ma was putting up peaches. She already had forty quarts standing in rows on the long work table, and there was another bushel to peel. When you gave Ma the letter she said, "I hope it ain't bad news." She sat down, wiping her hot face on her apern. Bill came running in from the barn. "Lemme see, Ma. — Aw, guess I got here first. — Le's see where it's from." All of you crowding around, trying to talk at once.

"It's from your Aunt Pinky." Ma turned the envelope over and looked at it again. "I'm afraid some of 'em's sick." She read the letter to herself. You could hardly wait to know what it was about. Bill leaned over her shoulder. "What's she say? Are they sick?"

Ma got up and put the letter on the shelf, back of the clock. "Where's your manners, Bill Miller? Peeking over my shoulder like that! I've a mind not to tell." But after he brought in a bucket of fresh water and filled up the woodbox, she said, "Well, if you want to know so bad — Aunt Pinky's invited Barbry and Minnie to make 'em a visit."

Your little sister Minnie clapped her hands and jumped up and down. "Can we go, Ma? Say, can we go?" Ma patted her on the head. "Maybe so. Wait and see what your Pa says."

Bill went and got some cookies out of the jar on the butt'ry shelf. "Huh! I wouldn't go

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to Amboy if you paid me!" Jimmie said so smart, "Me neither." He ran out after Bill and stepped on the cat's tail. In the yowling and meaowing you almost forgot about the letter. By the time things quieted down you had to help Ma get dinner on the table.

It was a good dinner — chicken pie and creamed potatoes and snap beans and pickle beets and light rolls and peach cobbler. But then Ma always did have the best things to eat. When Pa took another helping of cobbler Ma said, O yes, there was a letter from Pinky — Aunt Pinky was Pa's younger sister. Pa stirred his coffee and said, "Any news?"

Ma said, no, nothing pa'tic'lar. Lon'd been feeling kind of daunsey, but he took two bottles of wine-and-iron and it seemed to of helped him. And Pinky said why couldn't Barbry and Minnie come and have a nice visit with their girls?

You almost held your breath. Pa went right on eating his peach cobbler, scraping up the last bit with his knife, wiping his long black mustache. You passed him the toothpicks. He took Aunt Pinky's letter from behind the clock and went out to the barrel-stave hammock swung between two sycamore trees. Ma said for you to redd up the table while she went and talked to Pa. You scraped the dishes and put the table-cover on to keep the flies out of things. Then you told Minnie, wouldn't it be fun to s'prise Ma and have the dishes all done?

You were just about through when Ma came back in. She looked real pleased and said that was lots of help. You threw out the dishwater before you asked her what Pa said. Her tired, kindly gray eyes smiled. "Your Pa's willing you should go. There won't be so much to do now thrashing's over. And you'll be back in plenty time before school takes up."

You dropped the dishrag and kissed Ma hard and hugged Minnie so tight she squealed. Once you'd been over to Boody with Pa and Bill, and one time to Shobonier when Gramma's brother died and she and Ma and you went to the fun'ral. But that was all you'd ever been on the train.

Hallie and Orphy, Aunt Pinky's girls, had been all the way to Chicago, but then Uncle Lon was ticket-agent and they had passes. Now you and Minnie would get to go on the train by yourselves. And you could have the most fun at Amboy, because Aunt Pinky's folks lived *right in the deepo!* Right where they could see the trains come in, every day! Oh, you could hardly wait.

II

THAT night you and Minnie stayed awake and talked about what dresses you'd wear and which ones you'd take, and what you'd have to eat on the train, till Ma called and said for you to hush and go to sleep.

Ma did up your best dresses and had Bill get the telescope down from the attic. On Wednesday night Lodie Green brought the big wooden tub in the kitchen and Ma heated water for your baths. It seemed funny to be taking a bath then, 'stead of Saturday.

Long before Pa came to the foot of the stairs and called, "Barbry! You girls git up now!" — you were wide awake, thinking how nice it was to be going vis'ting.

You helped Minnie get ready first. She looked so pretty, with her blue eyes and pink cheeks, and her silky yellow hair curling around her face.

No use trying to look pretty, yourself. Face all over freckles. Hair and eyes a kind of rusty brown. Nose that turned up puggy, and a mouth too big for the rest of your face. Your hair straight as a poker. You'd braided it tight the night before, little braids all over, so it would be nice and crimpy. But when you combed it out it stood up all frizzly and looked like a brush heap.

Breakfast was ready, so you had to let it go and put on your old blue mull. It was let down to the last tuck, but Ma said it was all right to travel in. The folks all made fun of your hair. Even Pa said, did you want to look like a Hottentot, or what? But Ma said it would be all right when you got your hat on.

Ma said you'd better start in plenty of time. She had your things in the telescope and your lunch all tied up in a shoebox. So right after breakfast you and Minnie kissed the fam'ly goodby and climbed in the buggy with Pa.

When you drove past Gramma Warren's place, Aunt Min came running down to the front gate with some cake and apples for you to take along. She had on a blue flowered calico and a sunbonnet to match. Aunt Min always did look nice. Pa said what was Ed up to now — picking any more fights with Ad Ransford? Aunt Min laughed and said he better not.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fidelity was where you got on the train. You and Minnie were sitting in the deepo while Pa got your tickets, when there was a whooping and yelling, and a bunch of town boys ran right through the deepo, clawing and dancing around, and bumblebees right after them. They'd been stirring up a nest, the way Bill and Jimmie did once. Folks jumped and dodged. One fat woman started to run and fell over your telescope. Her skirts flew up and you saw her striped stockings.

The train whistled and you forgot all about bumblebees. Pa got on with you and said for you to take care of Minnie and not lose the tickets, and not to put your head out of the window or talk to strangers. He gave you both a quarter to spend and kissed you goodby.

You and Minnie looked out the window and counted telegraph poles till you had cinders in your eyes and down your necks, and your clo'es were a sight. Afterwhile you got hungry and ate everything Ma had fixed — fried chicken and hard-boiled eggs and pickles and bread-and-butter and choc'late cake. And a nickel's worth of bananas you bought from the train-boy.

A woman with red hair and a mole on her chin asked where you were going. Remembering what Pa had said about not talking to strangers, you told her, O, not very far, and looked out the window.

III

You wouldn't have b'lieved, till you went to Amboy, that a deepo was the same as a house inside. But it was. Hallie and Orphy took you around the side of the deepo and opened a door — and there was a sitting-room with rocking-chairs and lace curtains at the windows, and everything. There was a bedroom downstairs, too, a kitchen almost as big as the one at home, and a real little dining room. But they didn't have a cellar. Aunt Pinky hung the milk and butter down a trapdoor in the well.

Upstairs was all one big room with two beds in it. Orphy and Minnie slept in one, and you and Hallie in the other. Some nights you put the lamp on a table over by the wall, and had the grandest pillow fights — until Aunt Pinky said it was dangerous and made you quit.

There was a fast freight went through late at night. You'd all jump out of bed and hunch down by the window to see the fireman punching at the red coals glowing in the firebox. Sparks flew back when that train went thundering by, and the whole place shook.

Two passengers and a freight went by the deepo every day. Hallie and Orphy knew every train. You'd be out in the yard when one whistled, and they'd say, "That's Number forty-one at the switch." Sometimes you'd climb up on the yard fence and wave at the conductor — unless it was old Guilderoy Finch. Hallie said not to wave at him, because once he put a poor old woman off the train because she didn't have any money.

At home you didn't get to town for weeks at a time, 'specially when the roads were bad. But almost every day Aunt Pinky would send some of you over to the store for something — some thread, or a pound of butter, or maybe to get the coaloil can filled.

One day she sent you and Hallie down the road to old Ma'm Cullen's for some yeast. There was strings of peppers and onions and bunches of sage and a lot of other stuff hanging from the rafters in the kitchen, and a spinning-wheel in one corner. Ma'm Cullen was all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wrinkled and bent over and couldn't hardly see. She felt around in the tin safe where she kept the yeast, and rubbed her fingers over the nickel Hallie gave her. You didn't see Pap Cullen—Hallie said he was bedfast most of the time.

It was such a queer, old-looking place that you told Aunt Pinky about it when you went back. She said yes, it used to be a tavern when the stage-coaches went through Amboy. Pap Cullen's father owned the place, and Pap had lived in that old house all his life.

"Cullen," you said to yourself. There was a tombstone out in the deepo yard with that name on it. You were running through the tall grass and almost stepped on it. And you remembered it said, "Sacred To The Memory of Jedediah Cullen."

Yes, Aunt Pinky said, that was young Jed Cullen. He ran away from home because his father whipped him. And he never came back. Fin'ly they got word he'd been killed in a train wreck 'way out West somewhere. When the body came they buried it in the cem'tery west of town. But right after that Ma'm Cullen had a dream her boy was living, and when the tombstone was shipped she wouldn't have it or let Pap Cullen pay for it. So it had been lying in the deepo yard all that time. You thought about that story till you knew it by heart, because you wanted to tell Ma about it when you got home.

One morning you waked up early and got to thinking how at home Ma would be putting the coffee on to boil and setting the table, and running down cellar for the cream and eggs. And maybe she'd make hot biscuits to go with the strawb'ry jam. It made you feel homesick to think about your folks, so you dressed and went downstairs. Uncle Lon was out weeding the garden, and Aunt Pinky was getting a bucket of water. You ran to pump for her, and she told you Pap Cullen had died in the night, and she didn't know what poor old Ma'm Cullen would do now.

After breakfast all of you were sitting on the fence, waiting for the eight-fifty passenger. Orphy said she'd show you how to make scissors. You took two pins and crossed 'em on the track and spit on 'em. After the train went by, the pins would be spread out just like a pair of doll-scissors. But Hallie said, shucks, you were too big to play anything like that.

All at once a church bell started tolling. One, two, three, four — Orphy told you to keep count. Aunt Pinky came out from the kitchen to listen. She said it was tolling for old Pap Cullen. He was seventy-three.

You counted as the slow strokes boomed. You were just to forty-nine when Hallie whispered, "Look — there's a tramp coming up the track." Aunt Pinky was afraid of tramps — they were always hanging around the deepo at night to steal a ride on the fast freight. She told you girls not to pay any 'tention to him.

He came up on the platform, along to where you were. His shirt and pants were all ragged, his shoes split open at the toe. His beard was thin and scraggly and he looked dirty and tired. He took off his old felt hat and asked Aunt Pinky could she tell him what that bell was tolling for. She answered kind of short that there'd been a death in town. The tramp said, "Wonder if it's anybody I know. I used to have some folks here."

When Aunt Pinky said it was old Pap Cullen that died, the tramp shut his mouth real tight. His Adam's apple sort of bobbed up and down. Then he said, like he was talking to himself, "I'm too late." Aunt Pinky said, "Oh — are you Jed Cullen?" He nodded and went on. You watched him go down the road to the old Cullen place.

Ev'rybody in town, almost, went to Pap Cullen's fun'ral. Of course Uncle Lon couldn't leave the deepo, and you and Minnie didn't want to go. The singing at fun'rals made you cry. You went upstairs and wrote a letter to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your Ma and one to Aunt Min. You had lots to tell them, but it wouldn't go in a letter.

But when you were ready to go to the post office, you couldn't find Minnie anywhere. She wasn't in the deepo, and Uncle Lon said he hadn't seen her around. You got all hot and scared, wondering if maybe the trapdoor at the well could have come open, and Minnie — but it was all right. You kept calling and fin'ly she answered. There was a row of lilac bushes down at the end of the yard where she and Orphy'd been playing house, and there she was, curled up in a heap and crying like her heart would break.

She kept saying she wanted to go home — she didn't like vis'ting at the deepo. You tried to say funny things to make her laugh, but she went on sobbing in big, hard jerks. So you said never mind, you'd start on the next train. Then she quit crying, but she wouldn't come to supper till Aunt Pinky coaxed and said how bad they'd feel if she didn't eat something.

The girls begged you not to go. Orphy's birthday was next week and she was going to have a party and ice cream and cake. But you'd promised Minnie, so you couldn't back out. Uncle Lon wanted to know how you'd get out home, with nobody to meet you. But you said there'd be somebody — lots of folks from out your way traded in Fidelity.

So Aunt Pinky put up a nice lunch — buns with fried ham in between, deviled eggs and apple pie and ginger cookies — and you started next morning. Guilderoy Finch was the conductor, and Minnie whispered, would he put us off? When he took up the tickets she told him you both had money. He pushed his specs up and said, "Hey, sissy?" But she was scared to say any more.

IV

It was in the afternoon when you got back. Hardly anybody down at the deepo. You and Minnie went uptown and looked in at all three stores, but not a soul you knew. The sun was hot and the telescope bumped against your legs as you walked.

There was an ice-cream parlor down the street. You'd never been in one, but Minnie said wouldn't it be nice to go and have ice cream. So you went and got the biggest dishes for a nickel apiece. You paid for both, because Minnie just had a dime left and you wanted her to save it.

Then you went and walked around some more. You didn't know what to do. It would soon be suppertime and you didn't know any folks in Fidelity, except old Miz Waters that used to live near your place. But you wouldn't go to her house because she had a weak-minded son named Buddy, and Minnie was afraid of him.

Fin'ly you told Minnie you'd have to start and walk — somebody might come along and let you ride. It was five miles, but you could take your time. The telescope was hard to carry until you thought of putting it between you with a stick under the straps. But you had to put it down sometimes and rest your hands. Afterwhile you both took your shoes and stockings off and stuck them inside the telescope. It was nice to go barefooted through the deep, soft dust and feel it between your toes.

The sun was right in your eyes, and you got hotter and thirstier every minute. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dust went up your nose and made you sneeze. Wagons went by twice, but they were going the other way, so that didn't do any good. You stopped again and sat down to rest.

A gray horse was coming — somebody driving it to a sulky. The horse slowed down and there was Con Mulligan, the boy that stayed at your house for dinner when your Pa was thrashing. He pushed his hat back and grinned all over his face. Well, he said, if it ain't Barbry and Minnie! Where'd you girls come from, anyway?

You told him how it was and he said, sure, he'd take you on home, only it would be a tight fit. You had to hold Minnie on your lap. There wasn't any back to the seat and the sulky bumped and jounced along. But it was better than walking, Con said.

When you came to the big gate and started up the lane, you could hardly wait to get to the house. The big yard looked cool and shady. Pa and Lodie Green were sitting on the side porch. You smelled things cooking in the kitchen. Con called out, "Here's some comp'ny!"

Ma ran out from the kitchen, wiping flour off of her hands. Bill and Jimmie came tearing 'round the house to see who the comp'ny was. Ev'rybody was s'prised to see you, and so glad.

Ma said right away, what was the matter? Did Aunt Pinky send you home? Minnie's big blue eyes looked at you, and you said, Oh, you just thought it'd be fun to come and s'prise them. Then she wanted to know what you meant by coming home barefooted, and when you told her about walking part way, she kissed you again, and said, "Barbry Miller! What'll you do next?"

You didn't go to do such a thing, but seemed like there was so much kissing going on — and before you knew it you'd kissed Lodie Green! Pa laughed and said, well, Lodie, I didn't know you was a ladies' man. Lodie grinned and said he didn't know it, neither. You felt your face get red all over.

Pa told Con much obliged for fetching the girls home, and he'd better stay to supper. Con wasn't comp'ny, so you ate in the kitchen. But Ma fixed things real nice. She got out a jar of yellow tomato preserves, and cut some of the marble cake she'd baked for Sunday. And she put on her new brown calico that she'd made while you were away.

There was so much for supper and it was all so good. When you were about through Ma whispered to Bill. He went down cellar and got a nice, cool watermelon that had come from the patch, and all of you had a big slice.

You helped Ma with the dishes and told her all about the deepo, and Uncle Lon and Aunt Pinky and the girls, and the fast freight that thundered by at night. And all about Jed Cullen coming back after his old Pap died, and the old tombstone lying in the grass. She said, wasn't that the strangest thing? She never heard the like. And didn't it seem quiet on the farm, after vis'ting in the deepo?

No, it was nice — so nice that you couldn't tell her like you wanted to. It was just something you felt. The cat rubbing against your legs. The hammock squeaking as Pa held Minnie on his lap and swung. Bill and Jimmie mocking a hoot-owl that was up in a maple tree. Smell of hay and sweet clover on the wind. — And your own bed to sleep in, and little sister Minnie's yellow head on the pillow by you.

Another of These Sketches by Dora Aydelotte Will Appear in an Early Issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Shall We Do with Our Ex-Presidents?

by **MILTON S. MAYER**

On January 18, 1909, Mr. Chauncey Depew arose in the United States Senate and told this story:

"As Mr. Hayes passed me one day in New York, carrying his own grip, I called the attention of a street vendor of fruits to the fact that he was Rutherford B. Hayes, ex-President of the United States, and that the opportunity was rare to see a man who had occupied such a high place. 'Oh,' he answered, 'I don't care to see him. He is down and out and of no account.'"

Since the turn of the century the problem of doing something with and for our ex-Presidents has not been acute. McKinley was killed, Roosevelt hied himself out of the country, Taft romped gladly off to Yale, Wilson died, Harding died. Calvin Coolidge died too, but not until he had been out of the White House four years. His career during that interval, and the present return of Mr. Hoover to private life, may fairly be said to have revived the problem.

The difficulty has its roots in our Constitutional system, in which the functions of the government are split among three branches, with no provision for a fourth — the function known colloquially as glad-handing. Nominal monarchies have a special office set aside for glad-handing and glorification — the kingship. Whereas the President is the actual executive here, everywhere else it is the prime minister who wears the pants, or the cabinet, or the parliament; but never the king. The king poses for postage stamps, reviews the horse guard, and grins at American débutantes; no one ever asks him to do anything else. He can do no wrong, but neither can he do any right. It is the prime minister who runs the rough-and-tumble. Once he is out, he has to take what he can get, and it is not beneath the dignity of an ex-prime minister to serve as a precinct captain.

The dignity racket is the king's alone, and since he has no other business on hand he leads a very mild and uneventful life — unless some untoward event, as the English say, results in a change in system. Even then, as the post-revolutionary antics of Alfonso of Spain demonstrate, the person of the king is almost mythically sacred in whatever foreign lands he appears. There is something majestic, to this day, about Wilhelm II.

Too much of this medieval reverence for the monarch attaches to the President of the United States. Under our system he is both king and prime minister. In the course of his four years' tenure he is draped with a magnificence more befitting an emperor than a hireling. As a result, when the election goes against him, he can only turn to his little woman and ask her what in God's name is he to do now. The electorate that raised him to high and holy station displays the blithe confidence of the pagan Greeks that the fallen hero will be whisked away to Olympus, there to drink ambrosia and play stud poker to the last syllable of recorded time.

The reason that the problem is generally dormant is that nearly all the ex-Presidents at any given time are in Zion. Twice we have been entirely without retired executives, from 1799 to 1801 and from 1875 to 1877. There have never been more than four in circulation, except in the year 1861–62, when Van Buren, Fillmore, Tyler, Pierce, and Buchanan (the complete list of our most ineffectual Presidents, except for Polk) stood around unable to be of any use to a nation that had never been in a worse way for sound advice. The average number of living ex-Presidents in the first half of the republic's existence was under three; the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

average for the past seventy-five years is well below two.

The fact is that ex-Presidents do not live long. "The most heavily burdened officer in the world" — as Dr. Woodrow Wilson of Princeton called him in 1908 — is lucky if he has ten years left to him when he packs up his duffel and staggers out of the White House. The first eight Presidents, all of whom survived their tenures, averaged fourteen years between their retirement and the grave. The last eight, excepting those who were assassinated or died in office, averaged eight years. Emerson spoke well when he said that a President pays dearly for his White House. It is a killing job. And tough as it has always been, it is a tougher job to-day than it ever was before.

But its brutality succeeds in killing outright only a few of the men who undertake it. Except for W. H. Harrison, Polk, Taylor, Lincoln, Garfield, Arthur, McKinley, Wilson, and Harding, every President has survived his term long enough to have to face the problem of "and now what?" — and without any help from the people.

The Case of Mr. Hoover

On November 8 last, Herbert Hoover received his notice, a generous four months with pay, that he was no longer needed in his present capacity and that on March 4 he might consider himself No. 11,000,001 of the unemployed. His bosses did not even bother to say they were sorry to have to dispense with his services — the customary sop. Who wants him? He might state, if he inserts a want-ad in the New York *Herald Tribune*, that he is white, fifty-eight, experienced, eager to learn, willing to try anything that he has not tried in the past four years. He comes highly recommended from that great judge of men, Henry Ford; on the other hand, the best that some of his old friends and fellow-workers — like the recently retired governor of New York — can say for him is that he can't get along with people. Do I hear a bid, gentlemen?

An occasional Democrat argued during the recent campaign that it might not be wise to swap horses in the middle of the stream but what were you going to do when the horse was nearly dead? The horse was nearer dead, I imagine, than even the Democrats suspected. Mr. Hoover may have been a slave dealer, a confidence man, an English citizen, and a poor President, but no one who saw him in 1928 and again in 1932 will ever deny that he gave his life for his country. These last three years must have nigh onto killed him. The thirty-first President came to the White House a ruddy, ambitious executive; he leaves it a broken, distracted old man — wiser perhaps, certainly sadder. Now he must pull himself together, if he can, and get out and earn a living.

"There is no place in the United States for an ex-President," Mr. Hayes told a friend shortly after the inauguration of his successor. "If I could go into any of the great business enterprises of the country, I would hardly be fit, and the country would not think it proper, so I am devoting my life to delivering lectures before schools, academies, and colleges." As far as history is concerned Hayes died on March 4, 1881, when, as Colonel Ingersoll remarked, the man who had gone into the Presidency with a majority of one came out unanimously. And Hayes' post-Presidential career is only one of a score of illustrations of the fallacy that our Presidents are divinely endowed.

Despite the vicarious divinity that encased them for four years or eight, most of the thirty men who have held the greatest office on earth managed to find for themselves a dark corner in oblivion long before they were gathered to their fathers. With the expiration of their terms they disappeared from the national scene as completely as if they had been taken down to the Potomac on March 5 and shot.

Ex-President John Adams is remembered only because he lived for twenty-five years and divided his time between hating Washington and Hamilton and rearing a son to be President. Ex-President Jackson lives on only because the man who had once said "Do they think I am such a damned fool as to think myself fit for the Presidency of the United States?" turned out to be the greatest political manipulator in American history and spent his eight years at The Hermitage keeping his man Matty in the Presidency and Henry Clay out. Private citizen Grant has a footnote in the history books only because he made a fool of himself seeking a third term and, failing that, made a dupe of himself in Wall Street. There are a few persons, but not many, who remember that in 1907 an old man, seventy, a trustee of Princeton,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came to grips with Woodrow Wilson, the University's president, over matters of academic policy. The old man was Grover Cleveland, a lawyer. Ten years later another tough old boy was harassing Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States — Teddy Roosevelt wanted to be a rough rider again. He wanted to serve his country again; but he was going to die.

Then there were the three Presidents who wanted to serve their country again and did — two of them officially. Thomas Jefferson was an old man when he went home to Monticello, but in the seventeen years that were left to him he remained the knight-errant of freedom. The ex-Presidency was the most productive period of his life: he wrote three books, compiled his own edition of the Bible, founded and designed the University of Virginia, and kept up a running fight (through his prodigious correspondence) for political and religious freedom and for — as his letters of 1816 demonstrate beyond contention — the abolition of slavery.

John Quincy Adams was the only man who has been able to forget that he was once President. When his friends came to him and asked him if he would be willing to go to the lower house of Congress as representative of the old Plymouth Rock district, he was able to forget that he had been also United States Senator, minister to the Court of St. James', and Secretary of State, and he replied that he would serve as selectman of the town of Quincy if he could be useful. For twelve of his eighteen years in Congress, he was the only ex-President alive; yet that period remains the golden age of ex-Presidents. He stood alone, without a party and without a friend — "old man eloquent" — and battled for abolition. On a single day in 1840, while the House roared for his expulsion and threats of assassination poured in on him from his Jacksonian enemies, the seventy-three-year-old warrior insisted that more than five hundred petitions to abolish slavery be read into the record. And eight years later the man who had spent fifty-five years in the service of his country dropped dead on the floor of the House — still serving.

William Howard Taft took the ex-Presidency much more seriously than he had ever taken the Presidency. Schooled and gentle, unfitted, as he had always known himself to be, for politics, the second ex-President to return to public office went to Yale as Kent professor of law and waited the call for the office he had always preferred to the Presidency. After eight years it came — the only job consistent with the people's conception of an ex-President's dignity: the chief justiceship of the United States Supreme Court. There for nine years he was a much happier man and a much more useful servant than he had been in the White House.

The rest are less than shadows. Madison, philosopher and man of peace, had lived his best days before he became President, and when the stormy term of his reward was over the father of the Constitution went home to Virginia and oblivion. His voice was not heard for seventeen years until, at eighty-four, this withered old man whom most people thought dead shouted out shrilly against South Carolina's nullification. Monroe refused to be a ward politician when he retired, and he lived on for six lonely years, his only decorations — as James Morgan has said — the badge of honorable poverty and the Hessian bullet he had carried in his shoulder for fifty years. Van Buren hung on for twenty-two years, "a used-up man," kicking around in politics the first ten, running or trying to run for the Presidency again, and spending his last hopeless decade in the town where he had been born. Tyler's old age found respite in the lively widow thirty years his junior whom he had "indecently" — according to John Quincy Adams — married while he was President. For sixteen years he lived in the oblivion that the Presidency had interrupted, and in the last two he turned to the ripening breach between the sections, dying in 1862 a member of the Confederate Congress.

Like "Little Van," Millard Fillmore spent twenty-two years wondering what to do with himself, dreaming about being President again, and going to his grave amiably forgotten. "Poor Pierce" lived thirteen years a recluse in New Hampshire, making his only public appearance when the mob that stormed his home after Lincoln's assassination found a handsome old man awaiting them with soft and conciliating words. Buchanan spent the seven forlorn years that followed his departure from the White House in his lonely home in a Pennsylvania town, gouty and glad to be forgotten. Andrew Johnson went back to Tennessee, where the President who never went to school still had friends. He plunged heatedly into state

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

politics and ran unsuccessfully for Senate and House, but time finally restored to him his hold on the backwoods and seven years after his impeachment trial he tramped into the forum that had once demanded his head and announced himself the United States Senator from Tennessee. Intemperance had burned out his spirit, however, and he died after four uneventful months — the only four uneventful months of his life. Ben Harrison's nine post-Presidential years were cold, quiet, and Christian, like the fifty-nine that had preceded them. He went back to Indianapolis and to his law. He spoke for McKinley in 1896, and in 1900, like so many obscure survivors of the White House, he was a national figure again for a moment — he refused to declare for his fellow-Republican's re-election because of McKinley's colonial policy.

Out of the Limelight

That is the humdrum story of the ex-Presidency, the story of the men who left the White House and covered up their trails. Theoretically the nation has given its ex-Presidents nothing and asked nothing of them. Actually it has given them nothing and asked them not to earn a living. When Cleveland and Ben Harrison went back to the practice of law, the people were shocked that ex-Presidents should wrangle for a living. When Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, and Grant died in dignity and poverty, the people were satisfied. The men who left the White House rich can be counted on the fingers of a sawmill hand; yet it is repugnant to the people that an ex-President should earn his living. He is expected to remain on exhibition, like an eight-inch appendix, until he is no longer of scientific interest; he may then die or go to the County Home. But let him try to earn a living like a creature of earth and he is back in the public eye, the object of dismay and disparagement. He is much too glorious a spectacle to perspire; it is better that he should starve.

The nation owes its ex-Presidents something, just as it owes, and pays, its ex-soldiers something. But it is doubtful if the nation will ever rise far enough above its childish standards of democracy to pay its debt to its hardest-worked servant. The thought of a pension sends a moral shudder through the republic. Attempts to raise the President's salary to a point where he may save something while in office — a procedure tantamount to pensioning — are hooted down in Congress. Congressmen are inevitably of such a nature that they consider it less shameful to dole out charity to a President's destitute widow — as they had to do in the case of Dolly Madison — than to insure the living President against such a possibility. This being the unchanging — and, I suspect, unchangeable — attitude of the people and of their representatives, some other solution to the problem of the ex-Presidency must be sought.

The most persistently advocated means of disposing of former chief executives is appointment to the Senate for life. This proposition was ardently supported by the press at the close of Cleveland's tenure and again shortly before McKinley's death. In 1906 there was talk of it again, and Charles Francis Adams (Mugwump uncle of the current bearer of the name) wrote to John Bigelow:

"The plan . . . of graduating ex-Presidents directly into the federal Senate for life is one which has long been a favorite theory of mine. . . . We have lost absolutely the value of the ripe experience, great abilities, and strong sense of patriotism of such men as Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren, Grover Cleveland, and Benjamin Harrison. In more than one instance, too, these eminent citizens were cut off from public utility at the maturity of their powers and during the best years of their lives as counselors; while, in more than one case, they themselves have been not only without occupation, but practically without means — objects, almost, of public charity; in the cases of Jefferson and Monroe, indeed, actually so. . . ."

The advantages of this plan are many and attractive, but the objections to it are weighty. First, it would destroy the elective character of the Senate — an infringement hard to reconcile with the spirit of the Constitution. Second, it would destroy the peculiarly unequal equality of the states in the Senate. Third, it would not (with a Senator's salary) provide a living for the President-Senator, who would necessarily be deprived of the political advantages — notably patronage — that now enable a candidate for the Senate to spend sixteen times his salary in each campaign. Finally, it is practically impossible of adoption by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senate because it involves a Constitutional amendment, from which difficult performance the Senate instinctively shies, and because the rural Senators will never let themselves be convinced that the President, politician and party leader that he is, can be depended upon to represent the whole country rather than a single state or party.

In addition, the public usefulness of most ex-Presidents in Congress is a moot point. Picture Mr. Harding, had he lived to wear the ennobling mantle of the ex-Presidency, sitting austerely in the Senate and serving any other master than the Ohio gang. Or envision the harrowing results of a horn-locking between plain Senator Glass and the distinguished President-Senator Herbert C. Hoover. The simple truth of the matter is that only the *rarae aves* among our Presidents have possessed the qualifications of a United States Senator.

Other popular solutions of the problem of the ex-Presidency have been advanced. Here they are.

1. The United States Supreme Court. But there are two objections here: Supreme Court vacancies appear too seldom and too irregularly to accommodate more than every third ex-President; and William Howard Taft demonstrated pretty convincingly that the qualifications for the Presidency and the Supreme Court are irreconcilable.

2. The academic life. But, as in the case of the Court, most of our Presidents are either mentally or temperamentally unsuited to the detachment and equanimity of a university. The raw wisdom of Lincoln would have been effective in formal education, but the raw wisdom of Jackson would not have been.

3. Retirement. Historian William E. Dodd would have the chief executive keep an intimate record from day to day throughout his tenure of all his conferences, all his opinions, and all his motives for his official acts. From this record the President would, upon his retirement, write his memoirs for publication following the death of all who were connected with the acts recorded, including the author. Professor Dodd says that his friend Woodrow Wilson intended to perform the second half of this task and that his fatal illness forestalled it. J. Q. Adams accomplished the first part, and his diary is one of the nation's greatest original historical treatises. General Grant accomplished the second part, the writing of his memoirs, which, although they are imperfect, constitute an invaluable record of his era.

4. Journalism. For this a President must be willing to capitalize his title. Woodrow Wilson refused, for this reason, an offer of one million dollars to write a syndicated column following his retirement; Calvin Coolidge accepted an offer of much less. A further pitfall for ex-Presidents in journalism is suggested by the case of Mr. Coolidge, in which the injury done his prestige by the acceptance of such an offer was aggravated by the caliber of his output.

There are doubtless other and worthier solutions of the problem than these. It is high time that they were proposed and considered. The world is not exactly overburdened just now with statesmen whose aspirations do not compromise their independence or contradict their integrity. If an ex-President has in him the makings, or even the glimmerings, of such a statesman, he should not be precipitously dumped. Rome is, perhaps, burning; this is no time to fiddle.

Already there are some who are beginning to see Mr. Hoover in the softer and serener light of an historical figure, and to perceive that if he was a failure during these last three years he failed no more gloriously than all the rest of our statesmen. Already there are some who are beginning to see that his ability in organization and reconstruction should not be allowed to gather mold while these most parlous of times are upon us.

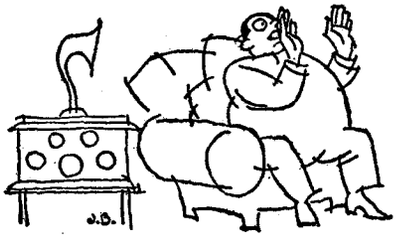
If it is an ineradicable fallacy that any man who has been President is *ipso facto* a great man, then it may as well be a useful fallacy. Now that Mr. Hoover has been booted out of the White House in the rude manner to which so many of us were party, he is once more the great engineer, a pretty good fellow, a hard worker, a man of strength — and the ex-President of the United States. Aside from his ability, his prestige is colossal, and almost inalienable; it should be put to work before any of it is dissipated.

Sooner or later a permanent solution for the problem must be evolved. The ex-President of the United States should neither be forced nor permitted to remain indefinitely the nation's second most conspicuous and first most useless citizen.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Radio Reviews

Comedy, History, Melody, Scandal-mongery



by CYRUS FISHER

FEW sponsors are noble-minded enough to pay for broadcasts into territories where their products are not sold. I believe a brilliant program should be heard by the entire country despite the commercial reasons for its limitations. Yet, for better or worse, we are committed to our curious "American" (why that label?) system of broadcasting which restricts to part of our national audience such amusing creatures as Burns and Allen, John P. Medbury, the *Gebrüder* Marx, and enough more to make us weep. There seems to be nothing to do about it but to object, vigorously and unendingly; which I herewith do. If the broadcasting chains can entertain some of the people some of the time, why not do as much for all of the people? Radio acts which will please a coast-to-coast audience aren't so plentiful that the chains can afford to limit their area.

MARX HARES AND GRACIE'S BROTHER

*Five Star Theater — Groucho and Chico Marx.** Sweetser, production. Lorenz, sound engineer. Kelly, sound effects. Marx Brothers and gag-writers, continuity. Sponsored by Standard Oil Companies of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Louisiana; and Colonial Oil Company. N.B.C. Limited WJZ network in East and South. 7:30–8:00 P.M. E.S.T. Every Monday.

Temporarily separated from the handsome Zeppo and the silent Harpo (by the time this is in print you may hear the first's soulful voice and the latter's harp), the remaining members of the Marx combine are learning how to be radio comedians in what is essentially a vaudeville skit, "Flywheel, Shyster, and Flywheel, Attorneys at Law." The impression after listening to them is of a raucous-voiced gentleman assisted by a hesitant dialect comedian taking turns before a microphone as they would with a telephone to read their latest, sprightliest vaudeville act to a friend. The friend will laugh, but unprejudiced listeners are apt to be more analytical.

So far the radio has stripped the Marx Brothers of their physical *élan* and left only phonographic voices. While a new trade is being learned by Groucho and Chico, they are relying upon a company of gag-men to manufacture projectiles to hurl into the microphone, stunning the audience into the conviction that the act is enormously waggish. Only at the end, when they step into their own characters and assure the audience they will not mention the product by name, do they seem to live and lose their aspect of demoniac automatons. At this point they become the Marx Brothers of "Animal Crackers" and "The Coconuts," at whom Grandma roared when she was a girl.

At present they are funny in the manner that a good joke is funny when read aloud. If they do discover how their satyr-like verve and brutal wit can be fused into the radio medium, I dare say those kind souls who now prema-

** In addition to N.B.C.'s Marx Brothers on Monday nights, the Five Star Theater includes Tuesday's fifty-piece Symphonic Orchestra (C.B.S.), Wednesday's dramatization of well-known stories (N.B.C.), Thursday's Aborn Opera Company (C.B.S.), and Friday's Charlie Chan mysteries (N.B.C.). The sad feature of all this extraordinary enterprise is that it is broadcast to only nine states. In as much as there is a fair chance that the sponsors or broadcasting chains may be converted into broadcasting the Five Star Theater nationally, I have preferred to wait with fond hope before taking up other of its nightly productions not so well known as the Marxists.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turely praise Messrs. Groucho and Chico Marx will be suddenly at a loss for an entirely new set of laudatory tools.

The Robert Burns Panatela Program, featuring George Burns and Gracie Allen, with tenor Phil Regan and Guy Lombardo's orchestra. William Brenton, announcer. Cashman, production. Williams and Holt, directors. Escher, sound engineer. Gautier, sound effects. Burns and Carroll, continuity writers. Sponsored by General Cigar Company. 2 minutes, several seconds' advertising time. C.B.S. 9:30–10:00 P.M. EST. Every Wednesday.

George Burns and Gracie Allen have reversed the usual procedure. With them it is the man who is the discouraged and superior foil to perhaps the cleverest comedienne on the air. I suppose it is so unnatural to encounter a male consistently triumphing over one of the intelligent sex that most women have penetrated the ridiculous situation and have been amused by the conceit. Men complacently accept the situation and then wonder why they laugh so loudly. Men would.

Burns and Allen consume nearly eleven minutes. When they have hushed each other, Guy Lombardo leads his orchestra into devious byways of popular melodies and a Phil Regan follows with a very tenor voice. Those in the East, Middle-west, and South who can hear Burns and Allen can rejoice. The others can — but if they're wise, they won't — listen to local imitations of the team.

Demi-Tasse Revue, featuring John P. Medbury and Sylvia Picker, with tenor Kenneth Allen, contralto Vera Van, and Ted Fiorito's orchestra. William Andrews, announcer. O'Neill, production. Ludes, sound effects. Medbury, continuity. Sponsored by M.J.B. Company. 2 minutes, 15 seconds' advertising time. N.B.C. KGO network. 7:30–8:00 P.M. PST Every Monday.

The Pacific coast owns John P. Medbury, disrespectful master of ceremonies given to scathing parodies of popular national broadcasts. He is the gentleman, if I am not mistaken, who once wrote the continuity for Burns and Allen. Now he has his own version of the dumb-dame type, Sylvia Picker, who is a reflecting board without Miss Allen's warmth for Mr. Medbury's ruthlessness. Although Ted Fiorito and his troupe supply a pleasing quantity of musical froth, it is Mr. Medbury who is completely liable for the Demi-Tasse Revue's pyrotechnics, and it is Mr. Medbury who deserves a larger field for his satirical antics.

Mouth-Organists

Borrah Minevitch and His Harmonica Rascals, directed by Borrah Minevitch. John S. Young, announcer. Wiggin (Fridays), MacGregor (Sundays) production. Ayres, continuity. Sustaining program — no advertising. N.B.C. WEAF network. Fridays, 7:15–7:30 P.M.; Sundays, 7:00–7:15 P.M., EST.

Most of the annoying little brats who are exploited over the air are insufferable whether they squeak in unison or separately, on musical instruments or with their vocal cords. Borah Minevitch has assembled a dozen or so youths who are not insufferable, perhaps because they have a spirit and group cohesion of their own unknown to the usual juvenile radio act dominated by the adult entrepreneur. Playing only harmonicas, they offer classical pieces with such vigor and obvious enjoyment that you must enjoy their enthusiasm if nothing else. They display popular melodies with gracious seriousness, as if a little distrustful of too much merriment for unstable grown-ups. Mr. Minevitch has achieved something more than a directorial *tour de force*. There is a freshness and swing to his program which is interesting in addition to the age of the players and their type of musical instrument. The throaty announcer who gushes about the remarkable little chaps is the one sour note. He should be poisoned.

News and Gossip, Ltd.

Walter Winchell, with Walter Winchell, Bill Scholtz, and Lucien Schmit's orchestra. Ben Grauer, announcer. Sweetser, production. Miller, sound engineer. Winchell, continuity. Sponsored by Andrew Jergens Company. 1 minute, 15 seconds' advertising time (including Walter Winchell's efforts). N.B.C. WJZ network. 9:30–9:45 P.M. EST. Every Sunday.

Walter Winchell is a symptom as well as a scandalously engaging institution of our times. I am glad to see that at last he is on a program which offers him time enough to get into his stride. We are given over ten minutes of his brassily impertinent tongue, wagging like a metronome, plus a few minutes more of Bill Scholtz's condensed ballads and Lucien Schmit's orchestral accompaniment. I would say very O.K., Mr. Winchell, if you would leave out the padding on Ben Bernie.

Bill Schudt's "Going to Press," featuring Bill Schudt and an impressive series of guest speakers. Mayo, production. Sustaining program — no advertising. C.B.S. 4:45–5:00 P.M. EST. Every Wednesday.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For over four years Bill Schudt has been presenting a series of hardily directed and selected feature interviews over the air. It has been his task to bring the important and interesting figures of the newspaper world to what has developed into an audible human-interest column. Miraculously, Mr. Schudt has kept the talks in his "Going to Press" from falling into the dead-level of the usual radio speech by a dignitary. That is exactly the reason why the program is listed here.

Radio History

Great Moments in History, with what the announcer imposingly assures us is a cast selected from some of the foremost names on Broadway. Billy Artzt's orchestra. Ben Grauer, announcer. Sweets, production. Ghisalbert, sound engineer. Kelly, sound effects. Continuity writer unnamed. Sponsored by Standard Brands. 2–3 minutes' advertising time. N. B.C. WJZ network. 7:30–8:00 P.M. EST. Sundays.

William Sweets has produced a lumbering, uninteresting bit of blather out of what could have been tart dramatic moments. The idea of recreating major historic crises has merit. The acting, the writing, and the direction have the honor of succeeding to a momentous degree in debauching the original conception. The names of the actors are not given, which is charity to them. They uniformly attack their lines as if they were members of a rhetorical school pouncing upon Shakespeare.

"Great Moments" finds it necessary for Ben Grauer to act as a puffing narrator providing crutches for the action and explaining the historical episode so we will not miss any of its grandiose importance. If "Great Moments" is an example of history as radio would offer it, then I shall not protest taxes for school textbooks — no matter how enchanting the idea of education over the air appears.

Teutonic Tootings

"*Little German Band*," with Charles Preller, R. P. Griffith, three Roth Brothers, and an authentically mellow six-piece sidewalk German band. Fred Webber, announcer. Rose, production. Sloan, sound engineer. Griffith, continuity. Sustaining program — no advertising. N.B.C. (from KDKA) over limited WJZ network. 6:00–6:30 P.M. EST. Saturdays.

Unless you live in New York or Pennsylvania, or own a good short-wave set, you cannot listen to the nostalgic tunes of the "Little German Band"; or hear its beery-toned Bavarian Yodlers and Vocalists; or those cheerful buffoons, "Heinie" and "Gus Schmaltz," created by two grand *Komiker*, Charles Preller and R. P. Griffith, who wittingly or not follow in the tradition of the German music hall clowns and who should be playing the national circuit. No, most of you cannot hear them. Furthermore, there is nothing you can do about it.

These Satisfy

The Chesterfield Program, with Leonard Hayton's orchestra every night but Sunday; Ruth Etting, Mondays and Thursdays; Tom Howard, George Shelton, and Betty Barthell, Tuesdays and Fridays; and Bing Crosby, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Norman Brokenshire, announcer. Loesche, production. Bennett, director. Colledge, sound engineer. Sponsored by Liggett and Myers. 45 seconds to 1 minute of advertising time. C.B.S. 9:00–9:15 P.M. EST.

There is much in favor of the variety show now gaining popularity on the air. Like buckshot from a shotgun, if the first Merry Andrew or blue-eyed innocent fails to fetch down the quarry, there are still other missiles to fly at the mark. Mr. Brokenshire, announcer, and Ruth Etting, who sings, are the only pieces of mechanism refitted from Chesterfield's old lethal affair. I am sure the sponsors were soundly advised to retain Mr. Brokenshire's well-oiled flow of words. It would have been wicked to deprive us of his unctuous sales patter. However, I am still sorrowfully immune to Miss Etting's singing charms, though I admit I may be wrong.

Every Tuesday and Thursday iron-willed Mr. Shelton torments the crackly-tongued Tom Howard. Neither is boisterous in his persistent arguments. Their dryness and underplaying are welcome as a contrast to our more ferocious jackanapes. After each of their several short tourneys (from one-and-a-half to two minutes) Betty Barthell offers solace for the regretted departure of the Boswell Sisters, for whom I sing a dirge. With the assistance from Leonard Hayton's orchestra, Miss Barthell's low-down Southern pastorales will encourage magnolias to bloom and cottonwood trees to sprout in your back yards: no mean feat, as you will agree.

Bing Crosby finishes off the Chesterfield show by breaking forth into artful melody on Wednesdays and Saturdays. He is now presented as an ecstatic baritone, no longer a crooner. Whatever he has done, I find he goes down more easily than of old. Or perhaps I have weakened.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

America's Political Attitude

To the Editor:

The replies to your letter concerning the selection of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet ("Our Next Cabinet," January FORUM) which, you say, are typical of those received, reveal an interesting aspect of general American political attitude and thinking. For the most part a high degree of success in business, banking, or at the bar, and personal qualities such as energy, perseverance, courage, integrity, and efficiency are advanced as reasons for selecting Cabinet Secretaries. In not one instance is the selection of any individual urged with a view to that person's known adherence to a particular philosophy of government or his advocacy of a definite political or governmental policy. Certain men are urged for the first position in the Cabinet because of experience in international affairs, but no mention is made of their views relating to American adherence to the Permanent Court of International Justice or the League of Nations, America's policy in regard to debts, tariffs, or programs designed to preserve peace, or our policy in the Pacific and East generally. Others are suggested for the Treasury portfolio because of success in banking, without consideration of their inclinations in regard to matters such as inflation, taxation programs, maintenance of the gold standard or a managed currency, debts, and other problems having a relation to our fiscal welfare. This same characteristic is common to the suggestions for every other post.

This lack of emphasis on the larger and more comprehensive aspects of political policy in the enrolling of an administrative personnel is probably symptomatic of the confusion of purpose which springs in part from the sectional characteristics of our political life, and a weakness which seems to inhere in the division of powers principle of our government. We are, of course, cognizant of the tremendous power of economic considerations in the formulation and development of national policies, and the diversity of economic interests in the various geographical sections of the United States has necessitated compromise with the traditional principal of the two-party system. A planing down of sharp differences within each of the parties and between Republicans and Democrats has made our elections largely a choice between men and not issues. Moreover, the division between the legislative and administrative branches of the national government has led to a division of responsibility for the formulation of public policy.

Congress may, at times, be working contrary to the desires of the President and his department heads, or vice versa, and the result is a lack of co-ordinated governmental effort. The defeat of an important taxation measure, for example, causes no change whatever in the personnel of the government. The result is a compromise of policy between the administrative and legislative branches of the government, and what is perhaps even worse, the loss of an opportunity for the electorate to express its will on the matter through an election at the time the political issue is presented for determination.

The welter of compromise which results from sectionalism and division of responsibility, as well as other causes, fails to present, on our constitutionally prearranged election days, clearly defined issues, and therefore, we choose between men who represent, at best, only light shades of difference on national problems. Thus our interest and emphasis normally tend to center on men rather than principles.

NATHANIEL SAMUELS

Chicago, Ill.

The Bureau of Home Economics

To the Editor:

As a representative of the Delaware Home Economics Association, I wish to protest the publication of such articles as "The Dead Hand of Bureaucracy," by Lawrence Sullivan, in the January FORUM, on the ground of incomplete knowledge on the part of the author, or a deliberate suppression of the major facts. I would like to refer Mr. Sullivan and you to the report for the fiscal year ending June, 1932, of the Bureau of Home Economics by its chief, Dr. Louise Stanley, and to an article called "Social Equilibrium" in the *Journal of the American Association of University Women*, for January, 1933.

In consideration of the fact that there are 24,000,000 homes in the United States, each concerned with daily problems of what to eat, what to wear, and how to buy, the value of any agency which helps definitely to solve these problems cannot

It's his business..

. . . as National Park Ranger to help you see and get the most out of the western wonderlands when you get there . . . it's our business to help you plan your trip so you will see the most in the time available and at minimum expense.

Union Pacific serves more of the West than any other railroad.

Zion-Bryce-Grand Canyon
Yellowstone-Grand Teton
Rocky Mountain National Parks
Colorado
California and Hawaii
Pacific Northwest and Alaska
Western Dude Ranches
Hoover Dam

Let us tell you about our all-expense escorted tours. It's the convenient, economical way to see the West.

W. S. Basinger, P. T. M., Room 390
Union Pacific Railroad
Omaha, Neb.

Please send full information about

Name_____

Street _____

City_____ State_____

☐ Also tell me about economical all-expense tours.

UNION PACIFIC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We couldn't remember what we came to forget

Fort De Russy's gun salutes the sunset. Five o'clock on Oahu. The sun drops down for its dip in the southern sea. A moon rises behind Diamond Head.

Five o'clock now... dinner at eight. Time for one more flight down white wavecrests. Then a shower, tingling against sun-warmed skin. Dressing leisurely with the sounds of tinkling glasses and laughter coming from a nearby lanai.

Outside the window, dusk. Waikiki's lights twinkling to the early stars, and away on the coral reef the puff of white surf, the mystic flare of torches where natives fish with spears. Here surely is the place where you can forget! Forget... forget what? We can't remember... It doesn't matter.

But Remember This

Seeing Honolulu and the island of Oahu is just one-fourth of your Hawaiian adventure. You can cruise by plane or steamer from Honolulu to the isles of Kauai .. Maui .. and Hawaii. ¶305,059 U. S. citizens are waiting to welcome you ... *now*. ¶Thanks to the cooling trade winds the thermometer will stay below 85° all summer long. ¶This is the season (March—September) of the beautiful flame trees ... gardens growing in the tree tops. ¶385 pounds is the record swordfish catch with a regulation 24-thread line in Hawaiian waters. ¶There are 20 golf courses on the islands.

$220 Roundtrip

From the Pacific Coast to Hawaii and back—$220, First Class. Comfortable Cabin Class accommodations, $150 roundtrip. See your local travel agent.

HAWAII

HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU
(HONOLULU, HAWAII, U. S. A.)
1514 RUSS BLDG · SAN FRANCISCO

The Hawaii Tourist Bureau will, upon request, mail you FREE, *authoritative information about the Islands. For a special booklet on Hawaii, with picture maps, send 10 cents for cost of handling.*

Our Rostrum

be measured by one person's personal need or opinion. No agency in this country to-day is doing more to maintain family integrity and morale than the Bureau of Home Economics. May I quote from Dr. Stanley's report?

"Over a million copies of bulletins and charts on low-cost food for the family have been distributed at the direct request of individuals, relief agencies, and agricultural extension workers. Many welfare organizations have reprinted material for even wider use."

Congress and the business interests of this country are still concerned chiefly with production. The consumer is left to shift for herself. I say "herself" advisedly, as the bulk of the money spent for family use in this country is spent by women. Salesmanship is taught in our business schools. Selection and utilization of commodities has no place in our courses of study. The Bureau of Home Economics is the only agency of national scope which has the welfare of the 24,000,000 homes as its major concern. Indirectly, it does help business — by raising the standard of living, by urging use of cotton, seasonable vegetables and fruits, by setting standards for goods, and by testing consumers' goods.

Amy Rextrew
President, Delaware
Home Economics Association
Newark, Del.

Ten Million Raspberries

To the Editor:

The American people having all but jumped out of their skins with eagerness to get rid of Herbert Hoover, you now propose to bring him back as member of a "Supreme Economic Council" (February Forum). I say: ten million raspberries for such a suggestion!

Upton Sinclair
Los Angeles, Calif.

The Real Problem of Suicide

To the Editor:

I read with interest Frank C. Cross's and Marian J. Castle's debate on suicide in the February Forum, but remained unimpressed with the reasoning of either participant. How can the action of a suicide be justifiable or unjustifiable? Both writers assume, illogically I think, that a free choice of action confronts the individual, that he has one or more alternatives. No one, I submit, violates his fundamental will to live unless he is impelled by stark necessity.

Mr. Cross very wrongly ascribes the action of a "normal suicide" to reasoned analysis of his situation, for suicide is the *inevitable* recourse of the hopelessly unhappy. Mrs. Castle evades the truth by blaming a state of mind rather than a set of conditions. Does she not realize that a

The Centuries-Old Grandeur of TURKESTAN

Now you can see *Bokhara* . . . *Samarkand* . . . *Tashkent* . . . and other fabulous cities . . . ancient caravan trails . . . as you speed from *Moscow* by de luxe express of international sleeping cars. 16 days . . . $450 . . . April 10th from *Moscow* . . . ending at *Baku*. Price covers all necessary traveling expenses and Soviet visa from starting to ending point in the Soviet Union. Price does not include round trip passage to the Soviet Union. Extension offered to May Day Celebrations in *Moscow*.

Comprehensive Tours in the SOVIET UNION

Greatly reduced travel rates . . . $5, $8, and $15 a day . . . 15 tours to choose from . . . 5 to 31 days. Price includes Intourist hotels, meals, guide-interpreters, Soviet visa and transportation from starting to ending point in the Soviet Union. Price does not include round trip passage to the Soviet Union.

Write for Folders W-3

INTOURIST, INC.

U. S. Representative of the State Travel Bureau of the U.S.S.R., 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Offices in Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco. Or see your own travel agent.

AT ALL
GOOD NEWSSTANDS

THE FORUM

35 CENTS
A COPY

All-expense tour prices from $260 to $979 include round trip ocean passage, hotels, meals, travel in Europe, guide service, motor trips, admissions to galleries and museums—even your tips! THE TRAVEL GUILD, INC.
180 No. Michigan, Chicago 521 Fifth Ave., New York City

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET "E"

A FOILED THIEF

is he who gets American Express Travelers Cheques. He cannot spend them. They are individualized travel funds—and are refunded if lost or stolen uncountersigned.

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

For sale at banks and Express offices

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Rostrum

state of mind has its origin, however remote, in a set of conditions? The idea of judging an individual for an inevitable action expired with Greek civilization. Yet Mr. Cross heaps encomium on the courage, and Mrs. Castle abuse on the cowardice, of an individual driven by forces beyond his control to take his own life. We can neither praise nor condemn the action of a man who does not exercise free will. We can only sorrow or rejoice.

There are no ethics involved. Suicide is a phenomenon that testifies to the imperfection of society. It indicates that society makes some individuals terribly unhappy. Mrs. Castle is correct in saying that the seed is often sown early, usually in the home. Social and economic pressure later supply the occasion for its flowering. The real measure of progress in any civilization, I believe, is its social evolution toward happiness for all its members. And a man's happiness must come from his environment. Instead of babbling about the justice or injustice of a suicide's act, we should focus our minds on the real problem: the elimination of the educational, social, and economic evils which can drive a helpless individual to such deadly despair.

JOHN L. CUTLER

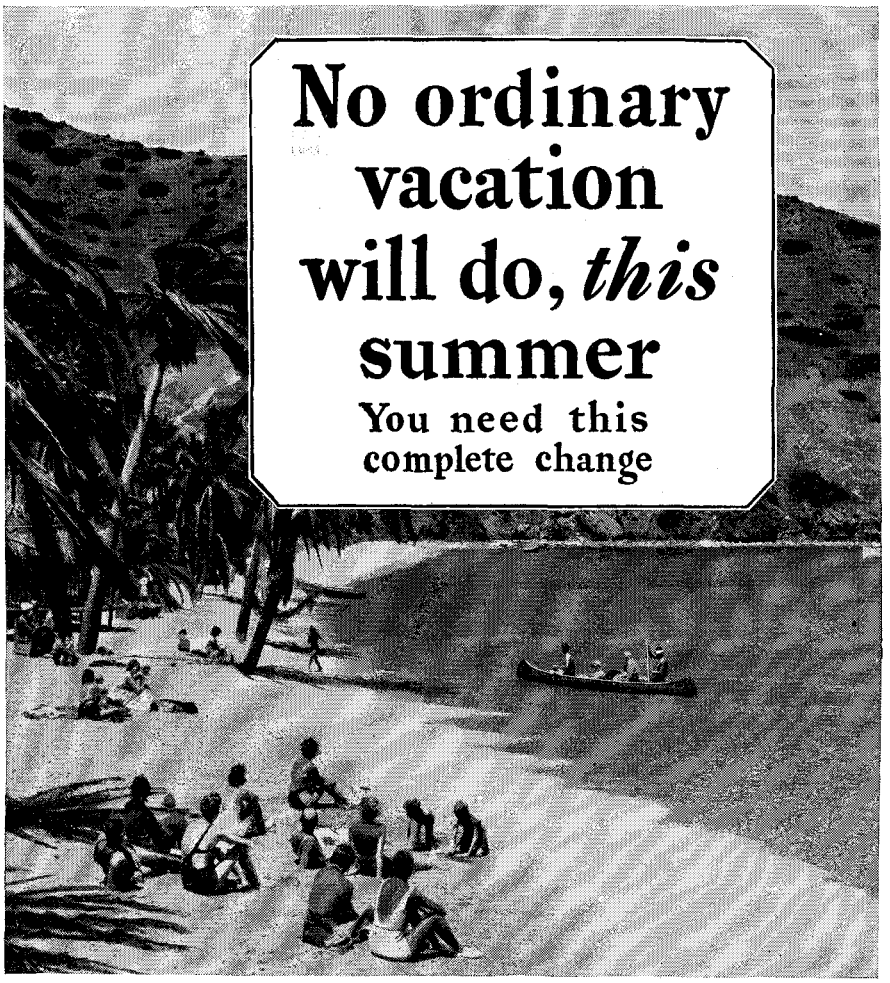
Bangor, Me.

No Time for Prayer

To the Editor:

What have we in the December issue? Something to cause a man to do a mental handspring. The gracious "lady-of-the-land" to be, a débutante in writing, it would appear, dealing out the most insipid thing I ever saw in FORUM print. But we need not blame THE FORUM, for it is only the medium. In fact, I am actually indebted to this publication for the courage of its editors, in the face of inevitable criticism, for showing us "what we drew." And mind you, I put all of my body English on the side of the celebrated Frank himself. Permit the above lady, if she has no objections, to be induced to hold herself in the kitchen, tasting and supervising the gastronomic delicacies of the commander-in-chief, lest she be too much of an influence on her counterpart in the affairs of the nation for the coming four years.

In the very face of adversity we have no place for leadership which rests its faith on the hobgoblins of religion, which substitutes the dross of superstitious belief for the metal of rational and ethical refining. We read, "religion must be supreme on earth," and this, "it also seems to me that only through a revival of true religion are we going to achieve this goal" ("that all can live in the security of having the necessities of life"). We have been waiting for an answer to prayers since the beginning of history,



Where cool breezes blow from 6000 miles of Pacific Ocean

THE TASK of this summer's vacation is greater than ever before. No commonplace, close-to-home outing can repair the strain of recent months and fit you for the tasks — and opportunities — ahead. This is the year to break *clear away* from humdrum things . . . to visit Southern California!

You Can Do It in a 2-weeks Vacation

From most points in the country, even a two-weeks vacation gives you at least eleven days actually here. This year, costs while here (normally about 16% under the U. S. average) as well as costs of *getting here*, have been drastically slashed — lowest in fifteen years. And *what* a vacation you can have, for no more than the usual cost of an ordinary holiday!

Clear, rainless days, nights so cool you'll sleep under blankets, mean maximum pleasure and benefit in every hour you spend here . . . splashing in friendly Pacific breakers, sailing to nearby pleasure-isles, golfing by a mile-high mountain lake, exploring a crumbling Spanish Mission. It's all so refreshingly *different* . . . vast orange groves, palms, gardens . . . celebrated resort cities like Pasadena, Glendale, Santa Monica, Beverly Hills, Pomona, Long Beach, and others surrounding big, cosmopolitan Los Angeles . . . memorable evenings with the stars in Hollywood . . . even a real glacier close at hand . . . Old Mexico just to the south.

FREE — New 72-page Vacation Book

To help you plan, we offer *free* one of the most complete vacation books ever published . . . just off the press . . . 72 pages, 150 interesting gravure photographs, map, information about routes and time required for the trip, itemized costs and day-by-day details of everything to do and see here. Send coupon today for your free copy. Or for further authoritative, unprejudiced information, write us your own questions about a Southern California vacation.

Come to California for a glorious vacation. Advise anyone not to come seeking employment, lest he be disappointed; but for the tourist, attractions are unlimited.

ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, LTD.

Vacation costs may never be so low again in

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

All-Year Club of Southern California, Ltd.,
Dept. 3-Z. 1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Send me *free* illustrated book giving complete details (including costs) of a Southern California vacation. Also send *free* booklets about the counties checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ San Diego
☐ Kern ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Riverside

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Please Print Your Name and Address)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAGNER YEAR
IN GERMANY

MUSIC lovers the world over will gather this year in Germany to honor the stupendous genius of the music dramas. Signalizing the 50th anniversary of his passing, innumerable cities will present special festivals and expositions. Germany is Wagner Land. Everywhere you come upon the heroic legends and castles, the mountainous grandeurs and forest murmurs that shimmer in Wagner's apotheosis of beautiful Germany. Here you will find welcome as an honored guest. Booklet No. 12 on Wagner Festival Year will gladly be sent.

German Tourist Information Office
665 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1933—A Year of Endings and New Beginnings in Soviet Russia

This is a year of transition and stock-taking for the Russian people. On the eve of the second Five Year Plan, the accomplishment of the first Plan—industrial, social, cultural—stands in sharp focus.

For the seventh year, The Open Road will assist the inquiring visitor. All-inclusive service. Experienced staff in New York and Moscow. Moderate rates.

A new booklet on 1933 group and independent itineraries is now available.

The Open Road
COOPERATING WITH INTOURIST
Travel Information, 56 W. 45th St., New York

Our Rostrum

and if we are to judge the past as a criterion of wifely influence, we can assume that we shall continue to pray and fast.

It seems nigh time that we were entitled to a champion of reason and sound scientific ethics, with a sudden dismissal of the bogey-man. Roosevelt is obviously a family man, but let us hope that he "wears the pants" and wears them with a vengeance. If THE FORUM publishes a sequel to "What Religion Means to Me," written by friend husband, in which he also appeals to the ether for help, we may just as well throw up the sponge and sail back on the Mayflower.

CALVIN RUTSTRUM
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dusty Answer

To the Editor:

I want to express my appreciation of your magazine for publishing in the February issue "I've Got to Take a Chance," by Frank Bruce. In reading it one feels that it is reality, terrible and true. It is especially felt by us who thought we were doing useful work and are now swept away. We are nothing — just a heap of dust. Thus, some of us under the heavy weight of hard compulsion take to the road; others lead a useless and futile life on a Connecticut farm, in a stupid environment, in a small community of Babbitts, away from the finer things of life.

SONIA HUDOHENKO
Waterbury, Conn.

Children Are a Comfort

To the Editor:

The article "Must I Have Children?" (January FORUM) presents interestingly breezy reading, and, like airy things, lacks dependable substance. Anonymous extols sensual life and exposes a nefarious attitude toward civic and moral duties.

The dominant concern in Anonymous's life seems to be the certainty of having "a good Martini before dinner and a highball of decent Scotch afterward." Let the long-haired visionaries and social reformers worry about the prolific fecundity of the ignorant and criminal classes. Let the least desirable element of society multiply the number of morons and criminals. Let them breed to their hearts' content, as long as we, the educated and better element, can preserve "our neat chests and abdomens" from possible distortion by childbearing.

Here is a composite picture of inordinate self-love and shortsighted selfishness. The gay life of the modern childless cynic must, sooner or later, end in frustration. With advancing age Nemesis asserts herself. At fifty the precious "neat chest and abdomen" will have lost their charm, and "late parties" will cease to satisfy. A devastating feeling of emptiness and loneliness will become a bitter reality. An intense desire for a caress from someone attached by intimate ties will spring to life in the hearts of the sterile.

Our Anonymous sister may, some day, discover by observation that a son's or daughter's love is the best sustaining force and the cheapest insurance for happiness in one's declining years. Apart from considerations for the future welfare of society, but viewed from a rational, selfish point, a child is an excellent compensation for the loss of a few late parties and dinners. Anonymous is paying a most extravagant price for a fleeting dream of happiness. Let's hope her awakening will not be painful.

L. J. BARWOOD
Cambridge, Mass.

Must We Be Like the English?

To the Editor:

I ask myself and John V. A. Weaver just what he expects to prove in his article "Thank You, England!" (February FORUM). It is all very bewildering. We must not complain, we must not make plans, we must not laugh or make merry in our own way, we must not hold discussions. Must all the nations of the earth go "plodding soberly along . . . with grim patience" like the English? How long can jobless, homeless, hungry hordes live in "grim patience"? Is Mr. Weaver really as ignorant of conditions, generally, as his article would have us believe? The Englishman saves his pennies and spends them on his idea of pleasure, the Continental on his — just a matter of temperament. Is that the basis of security? Is it totally unadmirable to laugh, to try to appear happy for the moment? Are Americans, Frenchmen, Germans, Austrians — all to be censured because they are trying, each in their own way, to find the way out? I say, thank you, world, for discussion, for ideas, for effort, and for laughter. Out of it all may come salvation.

OTTILIE THEOBALD
Columbus, O.

The Beecher Family

To the Editor:

I am working on a popular account of the Beecher family to be entitled "Saints, Sinners, and Beechers." I am now on the chapter about Catharine Beecher, who was one of the pioneers in home economics.

It has occurred to me that as your readers have much the same range of interests as had the Beecher family, some of them might be willing to give me items of information, or refer me to sources which I have not tapped.

LYMAN BEECHER STOWE
New York, N. Y.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *Any communications to Mr. Stowe concerning the Beecher family should be addressed to him in care of* THE FORUM, *441 Lexington Ave., New York.*]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED